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Isaac Watts

HORÆ LYRICÆ AND DIVINE SONGS,

BY

ISAAC WATTS,

WITH A MEMOIR,

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

WHEN Dr. Watts was urged by his friends to leave behind him some memoirs from which a history of his life might be composed, “ he absolutely declined it, and desired that his character might stand in the world merely as it would appear in his works.” It is indeed fully portrayed there, without varnish and without disguise. But it is pleasing to contemplate, in one view, the even tenour of a long life, innocently and industriously passed in uniform tranquillity and perfect contentment.

ISAAC WATTS, the eldest of nine children, was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674, and named after his father, who kept a boarding-school in that town. The persecution which the Church of England had undergone during the Great Rebellion, was then too recent to be forgotten by the nation, or forgiven by the clergy themselves ; for toleration is a principle which is seldom learnt by the persecuted. Mr. Watts was a decided non-

conformist ; and is described as a man of “lively devotion :” he was imprisoned on the score of his religion, and during his confinement, his wife often sat on a stone at the prison-door with this their child, then an infant at her breast.

A book is said to have been the boy’s greatest pleasure before he had well learnt to speak ; but this can only mean that, like all other children, he was amused by looking at prints, before he could read. His intellect, however, must have been dangerously precocious ; for we are told that “he entered upon the study of the learned languages in his fourth year, at the free grammar-school of his native town, under the Rev. John Pinhorne, of whose ability and gentleness, as a schoolmaster, he always retained a grateful and affectionate remembrance.” It is related of him that his chief pleasure was in books ; that the little money which he received in presents was applied to the gratification of this propensity ; that although remarkable for vivacity, he employed his leisure hours in reading instead of joining other boys at play ; and that when only seven or eight years old, he composed some devotional verses to please his mother.

Here he made good progress in Latin and Greek, and commenced the study of Hebrew. His promising talents and his amiable disposition induced some generous persons in that vicinity to propose that he should be entered at one of the

English Universities, where they would support him ; but having been bred up a dissenter, he determined to remain one ; a determination to which, what he had heard his mother relate of her sorrows during his own infancy, must no doubt greatly have contributed. In his sixteenth year, therefore, he was sent to an academy in London, kept by Mr. Thomas Rowe, at that time minister of the Independent meeting at Haberdashers' Hall ; and three years afterwards he joined in communion with that congregation. Among his fellow-students at this academy were Hort, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam ; Say, whose poems and essays were published after his death ; and Hughes, the author of the *Siege of Damascus*. Mr. Rowe said of him, that he never had occasion to reprove him, and that he often held him up as a pattern to his other pupils.

He used to mark all the books he read, to abridge some of them, and annotate others, which were interleaved for that purpose. But he pursued his studies during three years with intemperate ardour, allowing himself no time for needful exercise, and contracting his needful sleep ; and his constitution thus received irreparable injury. In 1694, he left the academy, and for the two following years prosecuted his studies at his father's house, during which time the greater part of his hymns were composed, and probably most of his juvenile compositions.

It seems to have been thought remarkable that he did not enter upon the ministry immediately after completing his academical course. One of his biographers says : " The long silence of this excellent and accomplished youth, as to the primary object of all his studies, the preaching of the gospel, affords considerable scope for conjecture. It is true he was but still a youth, diffident of himself, and deeply affected with the importance of the ministry, under a sense of his insufficiency, and trembling lest he should go to the altar of God uncalled. But after sixteen years spent in classical studies, — after uncommon proficiency in other parts of learning connected with the work of the ministry, — with every qualification for the sacred office, — living at a time when his public services were peculiarly needed, and when he was known and spoken of as promising celebrity in whatever profession he might choose, — that with all these advantages he should continue in retirement, is a fact difficult to account for, and for which only his extreme diffidence can afford any apology." When it is remembered that Mr. Watts left the academy in his twentieth year, or soon after its completion, the diffidence which withheld him from hurrying into the pulpit should rather be held forth as an example, than represented as a weakness or a fault. Nor can there be any difficulty in accounting for it, even to those to whom such diffidence might appear extraordinary. He preached

his first sermon on the very day whereon he completed his twenty-fourth year; "probably considering that as the day of a second nativity, by which he entered into a new period of existence;" and in the mean time it is recorded of him, that he "applied himself to the study of the Scriptures, and to the reading of the best commentators, both critical and practical, preparatory to his undertaking the pastoral office, to which he was determined to devote his life, and of the importance of which he had a deep sense upon his mind."

Two years before Mr. Watts entered upon the ministry, he was invited by Sir John Hartopp, to reside in his family, at Stoke Newington, as tutor to his son. "I cannot," he says, "but reckon it among the blessings of Heaven, when I review those five years of pleasure and improvement, which I spent in his family in my younger part of life. And I found much instruction myself, where I was called to be an instructor." If he had not, as may all but literally be said, sucked in the principle of dissent at his mother's breast, this was a household in which of all others he would have been most likely to imbibe it.

Lady Hartopp was the daughter of Fleetwood, not by Ireton's widow, but by his first wife, sole heiress of Thomas Smith, Esq., of Winston, in Norfolk. The two families were doubly connected, Fleetwood's eldest son, Smith Fleetwood, having married the daughter of Sir Edward Hartopp;

brother and sister thus marrying aunt and nephew. In history, Fleetwood is known as one who was more remarkable for his ambition than his abilities ; but with the dissenters, in Dr. Watts's words, "his name is in honour among the churches," — and not undeservedly ; for that he was an amiable man in the relations of private life, seems certain ; and he gave proof of being a conscientious one, both in prosperity and in what to him were evil days. When fiscal persecution was carried to its worst height, the fine levied at Stoke Newington upon him, Sir John Hartopp, and others, (upon whom it is probable that but a small part of the burden fell,) amounted to six or seven thousand pounds.

Lady Hartopp "affected retirement to such a degree," that Watts, when he preached her funeral sermon, said, "it would have placed her in a wrong light to have drawn out her virtues at length, and set them to public view." He therefore only interspersed a few hints of her eminent piety, as the text and argument led him into them. Sir John, who survived his lady ten years, and lived to the great age of eighty-five, was a person of sterling worth. He was three times, in Charles the Second's reign, returned to parliament for the county of Leicestershire. By him it was that many of Owen's sermons were preserved, and from him many of the materials for a life of Owen (with whom he had lived in habits of intimate friend-

ship) were obtained : the sermons he had written down in short hand, according to his constant practice ; “ by which means,” says Dr. Watts, “ he often entertained his family in the evening worship, on the Lord’s day, with excellent discourses, copied from the lips of some of the greatest preachers of the last age.” On his death, Watts preached the only funeral sermon which he ever concluded with a distinct and particular character of the deceased. We are there told, that “ though he knew what was due to his quality in this world, yet he affected none of the grandeur of life, but daily practised condescension and love, and secured the respect of all without assuming a superior air ;” that “ he shone with eminence among persons of birth and title, while his obliging deportment and affable temper made him easy of access to his inferiors ; that his conversation was pious and learned, ingenious and instructive ;” that “ he was inquisitive into the affairs of the learned world, the progress of arts and sciences, the concerns of the nation, and the interest of the church of Christ ;” that “ he had a taste for universal learning ; that ingenious arts were his delight from his youth, mathematical speculation and practice a favourite study in his younger years, and that even to his old age he maintained his acquaintance with the motions of the heavenly bodies.” “ But the Book of God was his chief study and his divinest delight. His Bible lay

before him night and day ; and he was well acquainted with the writers that explained it best. He was desirous of seeing what the Spirit of God said to men in the original languages. For this end he commenced some acquaintance with Hebrew when he was more than fifty years old ; and that he might be capable of judging of the true sense of any text in the New Testament, he kept his youthful knowledge of the Greek language in some measure even to the period of his life." "His doors were ever open, and his carriage always friendly and courteous, to the ministers of the gospel, though they were distinguished among themselves by names of different parties, for he loved all that loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

In this family Mr. Watts was happily situated and diligently employed ; and it was for the use of his pupil that he first drew up those rudiments which, at the repeated importunities of Mr. John Eames, the most learned of his friends, he afterwards enlarged and published, under the title of *Logic, or the Right Use of Reason*. The book has been received into the English Universities ; and Dr. Johnson says, "if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it must be considered that no man who undertakes merely to methodize or illustrate a system, pretends to be the author."

In 1798, the year of his first appearance in the pulpit, he was chosen assistant to Dr. Isaac

Chauncy, pastor of the Independent church, then meeting in Mark Lane; and in January, 1701-2 he accepted the invitation to succeed Dr. Chauncy in the pastoral office. That this acceptance was reluctantly given, and forced from him only by a sense of duty, appears by the terms in which it was expressed:

“ Brethren,

“ You know the constant aversion I have had to any proposals of a pastoral office, for these three years. You know also that since you have given me an unanimous call thereto, I have proposed several methods for your settlement without me; but your choice and your affections seemed to be still unmoved. I have objected my own indisposition of body; and I have pointed to three divines, members of this church, whose gifts might render them more proper for instructors, and their age for government. These things I have urged till I have provoked you to sorrow and tears, and till I myself have been almost ashamed. But your perseverance in your choice, your constant profession of edification by my ministry, the great probability you show me of building up this famous and decayed church of Christ, and your prevailing fears of its dissolution if I refuse, have given me ground to believe that the voice of this church is the voice of Christ. And to answer this call I have not consulted with flesh and blood; I have laid aside the thoughts of myself

to serve the interest of our Lord. I give up my own ease for your spiritual profit and your increase. I submit my inclination to my duty ; and in hopes of being made an instrument to build up this ancient church, I return this solemn answer to your call, — That with a great sense of my own inability in mind and body to discharge the duties of so sacred an office, I do, in the strength of Christ, venture upon it ; and in His name I accept your call, promising, in the presence of God and his saints, my utmost diligence in all the duties of a pastor, so far as God shall enlighten and strengthen me. And I leave that promise in the hands of Christ our Mediator, to see it performed by me unto you, through the assistance of his grace and Spirit.”

Soon after his entrance upon this charge he was seized with a dangerous illness ; which, after long confinement and a slow recovery, left him with a constitution so evidently impaired, that the congregation thought an assistant necessary, and accordingly, in July, 1703, appointed Mr. Samuel Price to assist him. Gradually, however, he recovered strength, and continued to officiate during some years with no material interruption ; another illness then brought him to the brink of the grave ; and when the fever was subdued, a nervous debility remained which for some years entirely incapacitated him for the functions of his office. Days were set apart by his congregation for prayers

for his recovery, and many of his brethren in the ministry united in these supplications, "as men deeply impressed with the importance of his life." It was necessary, however, that his place should be supplied, even when their prayers were so far answered as to remove any apprehension of a fatal termination; and by his own desire Mr. Price was elected to be joint pastor with him. This illness proved in its consequences the most important and most fortunatate event of his life. Sir Thomas Abney invited him to try the effect of change of air, at his house at Theobalds: thither Watts went, intending to stay there but a single week, and there he remained six-and-thirty years, which was as long as he lived.

"Here," says his first biographer, Dr. Gibbons, "he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any cares of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages to soothe his mind, and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight. Had it not been for this

happy event, he might, as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged on through many more years of languor and inability for public service, and even for profitable study; or perhaps might have sunk into his grave, under the overwhelming load of infirmities, in the midst of his days; and thus the church and the world would have been deprived of those many excellent sermons and works which he drew up and published during his long residence in this family. In a few years after his coming hither, Sir Thomas Abney dies; but his amiable consort survives, who shows the Doctor the same respect and friendship as before: and most happily for him, and great numbers besides, (for as her riches were great, her generosity and munificence were in full proportion,) her thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond that of the Doctor's. And thus this excellent man, through her kindness, and that of her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, who in a like degree esteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits and felicities he experienced at his first entrance into this family, till his days were numbered and finished, and, like a shock of corn in its season, he ascended into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy."

Thus was Mr. Watts adopted into a family which loved him for his personal qualities, admired him for his genius, and revered him for his piety. On their side there was no pride of

patronage, on his there was no uneasy feeling of dependence. The bond between them was that of entire confidence and esteem, and their mutual regard was heightened on one part by the delight which they experienced in making him happy, on the other, by a full and grateful sense of their constant kindness. A happier situation for one who had made up his mind to celibacy could not be imagined ; and such a determination in his case had, no doubt, been early formed, when he became aware, that by intemperance in his youthful studies his constitution had been irretrievably injured ; that his life was rendered in consequence more than ordinarily precarious, and that at best he could never hope to be any thing better than a valetudinarian. He was exempt from all the ordinary cares of life, and enabled at perfect leisure to employ himself in the way which he deemed, as it was really, most useful, and which was most in conformity as well with his own inclinations as with his sense of duty.

Sir Thomas Abney had been bred up in dissenting principles. King William knighted him, and he served the office of lord mayor of London in 1700. It is related of him, as an evidence of his piety, that on what may be called his own day, “ he withdrew silently after supper from the public assembly at Guildhall, went to his own house, performed family worship there, and then returned to the company.” His first wife was the daughter

of Caryl, whose commentary on Job it may be deemed a most unquestionable proof of patience in any person to have perused. Sir Thomas was well stricken in years when he married, in the year of his mayoralty, his second wife,—the sister of Mr. Gunston, to whose “dear memory,” as a much-honoured friend, Watts had inscribed a poem. Their house at Theobalds adjoined the site of the palace which Burleigh erected for his own residence, and where he so often entertained Elizabeth and her court. Part of a wall was believed to be the only vestige remaining of that palace, where James received the homage of the lords of the council when he came to take possession of the kingdom,—and from whence he was carried to his grave. It was demolished by the long parliament, in disregard of the opinion expressed by their own commissioners, that it was an “excellent building, in very good repair, by no means fit to be demolished;” but the materials were valued at more than 8,000*l.*; and in the destructive spirit of revolutionary times, this was sufficient motive for its demolition. The gardens, in the days of its splendour, were of great extent; their labyrinths and fountains had disappeared, and the “nine knots artificially and exquisitely made, one of which was set forth in likeness of the king’s arms.” But there remained a long moss-walk, overshadowed by two rows of elm-trees; and within a few yards of the entrance

of that walk there stood in Sir Thomas Abney's garden, a summer-house, which fifty years after Watts's death was shown as the place in which he had composed many of his works. The windows of that summer-house looked to Theobalds' park, over a large fish-pond, which probably had been made in Burleigh's time. During Watts's life even Stoke Newington had more of a rural than suburban character ; but Theobalds was completely a country retirement. London had not travelled in that direction beyond Shoreditch church ; it now extends far beyond Cheshunt, on the road to Ware ; and the angler who should take Izaak Walton for his guide, would find every thing as much altered, — and as little for the better, — as the hostesses who knew so well then how to dress a chub after Piscator's receipt, and the milk-maids whose memories were stored with such choice of good old songs.

Mr. Watts's usefulness among his flock was in no degree diminished by his residence at Theobalds. It was easy for him, when his health permitted, to officiate in London. There was a carriage at his command, and the family with which he was domesticated being of his own persuasion, were as much interested in this point as himself. If he was disabled by indisposition, there was no cause for uneasiness on that account ; his colleague, with whom he always maintained the most uninterrupted friendship, was on the spot to supply

his place. When he was incapable of public labour, he refused to receive his salary, and at all times a third part of his income was devoted to charitable uses. In this there was no sacrifice, seeing that all his wants were provided for ; but it was proof of a disposition which would have made any sacrifice from the same motives of love towards God and his fellow-creatures.

Perhaps the peculiar position in which he was placed increased both the respect and the affection with which his congregation regarded him. It made him independent of them ; and they looked upon him not in the light of a dependent upon the wealthy family with which he was domesticated, nor as a humble friend, but as what in reality he was, one of its members, adopted into it by the special friendship of one of the wealthiest and most considerable persons attached to the dissenting cause. Indeed, if Sir Thomas Abney appeared to them in the same light as he did to Mr. Watts, they must have thought him not only one of the best, but also one of the greatest men in the nation.

“ He had the universal respect due to goodness,” says his eulogist, “ long before he was made great : and when his fellow-citizens voted him into power and honour, he surveyed the province with a just reluctance, and shrunk away from grandeur : nor could any thing overcome his sincere aversion, but a sense of duty and hopes

of public service. He passed through the chief offices of the city, and left a lustre upon them by the practise of such virtue and such piety as the chair of honour has seldom known. Those who have attended that court since the year of his magistracy search the register backwards for twenty annual successions, and confess he has had no rival. While he stood in that eminence, he surveyed the whole nation, took a just view of its wants and its dangers; and by the divine blessing which his daily retirements engaged on his side, he secured the nation's best interest, the exclusion of a child of Rome from the throne of England, and the succession of a protestant government.

“At the appointed season he resigned with pleasure the fatigues of power, the tiresome hours of state, and the tedious train of pomp and equipage; but he daily fulfils the duties of subordinate authority, to the terror of vice, to the support of the good, and to the reformation of a sinful land. He vindicates the poor with courage against the oppression of the mighty, and sends gay criminals to the place of correction. He puts the rich offenders to public shame, as well as the poor, and he doth it with a noble security of soul: so spotless a character fears no recrimination.

“When the days of public show and procession return, he hides himself often at his country seat, and makes every trifling obstacle a sufficient ex-

.

cuse for his absence from honours, scarlet and gold. But none so zealous and constant in their attendance on the hours of business; and at the honourable board there is no seat empty so seldom as his. Neither gain nor diversion can tempt him aside when the duty of his post requires his presence and the public weal demands his counsels. His health, his ease, and his estate, are at the call of his country; his life lies ready too for the same service; but his nation gives thanks to Providence that has not demanded the precious sacrifice."

There is a great want of taste in this high-swoln panegyric; but it presents Sir Thomas Abney in the light in which the author and that fraction of the community which constituted his public, beheld him, without literally believing that the protestant succession was established by him, when lord mayor of London. He was a person whose character supported the respect which his station and wealth obtained for him: and some part of that respect was reflected upon Mr. Watts. Moreover, the congregation felt that in continuing his services to them as far as his feeble health would permit, he conferred upon them a favour and a kindness which could not be imputed to any motive of interest, or even of his own convenience, but proceeded from his sense of duty, his zeal in the dissenting cause, and his attachment to them; they prized them therefore, as they ought, the

more highly. And they were proud of his growing reputation, for he was then the best preacher among the dissenters, and one of the best of those times. Not that his sermons can be placed in the first, or even second rank of such compositions; but they were well adapted to the great purpose of present effect; and they had all the advantages that could be given them by an impressive elocution, and a manner of delivery which with curious felicity seems to have been at the same time elaborately studied, yet earnestly sincere.

“I hate,” said he, “the thoughts of making any thing in religion, heavy or tiresome.” In another place he ventures to say, that perhaps the modes of preaching in the best churches still want some degree of reformation;—that reformation he endeavoured to bring about in his own. “Suppose two preachers,” he says, “were desired to minister to the same auditory, on a day of fasting or praise, and on the same subject too. One of them has all the beauty, force, and skill of clear and calm reasoning; the other not only instructs well, but powerfully moves the affections with sacred oratory. Which of these two will best secure the attention of the people, and guard them from drowsiness or wandering? Surely, he that touches the heart, will fix the eyes and the ears and all the powers; while he that merely endeavours to inform the head, will find many wandering eyes, and some sleepers.”

In another sermon upon the same subject, "The Use of the Passions in Religion," he exclaims, "Does divine love send dreaming preachers to call dead sinners to life, — preachers that are content to leave their hearers asleep on the precipice of eternal destruction? Have they no such thing as passion belonging to them? Have they no piety? Have they no fear? Have they no sense of the worth of souls? Have they no springs of affection within them?—Or do they think their hearers have none?—Or is passion so vile a power that it must be all devoted to things of flesh and sense, and must never be applied to things divine and heavenly? Who taught any of us this lazy and drowsy practice? Does God or his prophets, or Christ or his apostles, instruct us in this modish art of still life, this 'lethargy of preaching?' Did the great God ever appoint statues for his ambassadors, to invite sinners to his mercy? Words of grace written upon brass or marble, would do the work almost as well!—How cold and dull and unaffected with divine things, is mankind by nature!—How careless and indolent is a whole assembly, when the preacher appears like a lifeless engine, pronouncing words of law or grace, when he speaks of divine things in such a dry, in such a cold and formal manner, as though they had no influence on his own heart! When the words freeze upon his lips, the hearts of hearers are freezing also."

In an ordination sermon he warned the aspirant student against the fault which would most easily beset him. "Do not say within yourself, how much or how elegantly I can talk upon such a text; but what can I say most usefully to those who hear me, for the instruction of their minds, for the correction of their consciences, and for the persuasion of their hearts? Be not fond of displaying your learned criticisms in clearing up the terms and phrases of a text, when scholars only can be edified by them; nor spend away the precious moments of the congregation, in making them hear you explain what is clear enough before, and hath no need of explaining; nor in proving that which is so obvious that it needs no proof. This is little better than trifling with God and man. Think not, how can I make a sermon correct and earnest, but how I can make the most profitable sermon for my hearers: —not what fine things I can say, either in a way of criticism or philosophy, or in a way of oratory or harangue; but what powerful words I can speak to impress the consciences of those that hear with a serious and lasting sense of moral, divine and eternal things. Judge wisely what to leave out, as well as what to speak. Let not your chief design be to work up a sheet, or to hold out an hour, but to save a soul."

In another part of the same exhortation, he says, "Get the substance of your sermon which you have prepared for the pulpit, so wrought into

your head and heart, by reason and meditation, that you may have it at command, and speak to your hearers with freedom ; not as if you were reading or repeating your lesson to them, but as a man sent to teach and persuade them to faith and holiness. Deliver your discourses to the people like a man that is talking to them in good earnest about their most important concerns, and their everlasting welfare — like a messenger sent from heaven, who would fain save sinners from hell, and allure souls to God and happiness. Do not indulge that lazy way of reading over your prepared paper, as a schoolboy does an oration out of Livy or Cicero, who has no concern in the things he speaks. But let all the warmest zeal for God, and compassion for perishing men, animate your voice and countenance ; and let the people see and feel, as well as hear, that you are speaking to them about things of infinite moment, and on which your own eternal interest lies as well as theirs.

“ If you pray and hope for the assistance of the Spirit of God in every part of your works, do not resolve always to confine yourself precisely to the mere words and sentences which you have written down in your private preparations. Far be it from me to encourage a preacher to venture into public work without due preparation by study, and a regular composure of his discourse. We must not serve God with what cost us nothing.

All our wisest thoughts and cares are due to the sacred service of the temple. But what I mean is, that we should not impose upon ourselves just such a number of precomposed words and lines to be delivered in the hour, without daring to speak a warm sentiment that comes fresh upon the mind. Why may you not hope for some lively turns of thought, some new pious sentiments which may strike light and heat, and life into the understandings and hearts of those that hear you? In the zeal of your ministrations, why may you not expect some bright and warm and pathetic forms of argument and persuasion to offer themselves to your lips, for the more powerful conviction of sinners, and the encouragement and comfort of humble Christians? Have you not often found such an enlargement of thought, such a variety of sentiment and freedom of speech, in common conversation upon an important subject, beyond what you were apprised of beforehand? And why should you forbid yourself this natural advantage in the pulpit, and in the fervour of sacred ministrations, when also you have more reason to hope for divine assistance?"

Whitefield appears to have followed Dr. Watts's advice in this respect, and to have owed to it, in great measure, his extraordinary success as a preacher; for in his printed sermons there are none of those sparks of fancy or flashes of imagination, none of those bursts of oratory, none of

that eloquence, true or false, with which he is known to have enlivened what in the dead letter every reader feels to be poor and dull discourses. Watts himself preached upon the plan which he advised; he wrote, it is said and committed to memory the leading features of his cursory sermons; the rest he trusted to his extemporaneous power and the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit. But it is not likely that, as in Whitefield's case, the better portion of Watts's sermons (if the extemporaneous parts were the better) has evaporated. He prepared them for the press as well as for the pulpit: much therefore of what had been introduced in delivery, his own memory, we may be sure, would retain; and as the practice of taking notes from a distinguished preacher was at that time not unusual, it is probable that in this way, by which so many of Owen's sermons were preserved by Sir John Hartopp, his recollection may have been assisted.

Dr. Johnson has observed that "his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantage of appearance in the pulpit;" but the pulpit is a place in which that defect could entirely be supplied, and where the feebleness of his form and figure would be least perceived, while his benign countenance, and strong eye, and animated manner, produced their full effect. His friend, Dr. Gibbons, once asked him if he did not sometimes find himself too much awed by his

auditory ; “ he replied, that when such a gentleman of eminent abilities and learning had come into the assembly and taken his eye, he felt something like a momentary tremour ; but that he recovered himself by remembering what God said to the prophet Jeremiah, ‘ Be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them.’ ” It was little likely that he should be confounded, deservedly popular as he was in his own sphere, and properly conscious of his own power, and carefully as he had studied both the arts of composition and delivery. “ I once mentioned,” says Dr. Johnson, “ the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Hawkesworth, who told me, that in the art of pronounciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts.” The correctness of his¹ pronounciation, and the elegance of his diction, are said to have contributed greatly to his uncommon popularity as a preacher. It was doubtless as much from feeling, as for the sake of oratorical effect, that he always paused at the conclusion of any weighty sentence ; this gave a solemnity to his words, and allowed time for the impression to be deeply and strongly fixed.

¹ Some curious instances of the change to which this is subject, appears in Dr. Watts’s “ Table of proper Names, written very different from the Pronounciation;” whereby it appears that Esther was in his time pronounced *Eastur*, Sarah *Sarey*, St. Paul’s Church, *Pole’s*, and Guildhall, *Eeldhall*.

His sermons are so long, that in printing them he almost always inserted a notice about the middle of each, that it might conveniently be divided there. What he suspected might be found too long for reading, he would probably have thought too long for preaching, if custom had not then exacted long measure in such discourses. "We are not called," said he, preaching on the observance of Sunday, "to draw out the duties of worship to such unreasonable and tiresome lengths; nor to be so incessant and uninterrupted in works of religion on this day, as would overmuch fatigue the spirits, and overpress animal nature. This does not tend to the edification of men or the honour of God; but it has a certain and evident tendency to prejudice younger persons against the observation of the Lord's-day, if we render the service of it too irksome and tedious."

On the observance of the Sabbath, Dr. Watts's opinion was reasonable and tolerant. After showing that under the Jewish dispensation no works of necessity or of mercy were forbidden on that day, he says: "Under the New Testament we have no strict and severe prohibitions of every care and labour in the common return of the Lord's-day, where they do not interfere with the primary design of it, that is, the worship of God, and our best improvement thereby. And therefore I say, when the necessary labours of a few on some part of the day, by providing food and

other conveniences of life, render many more persons capable of spending the day in religion, I cannot find that the New Testament forbids it. I say *in some part of the Lord's-day*, for I think none ought to be so constantly employed in secular affairs as to exclude the whole day from its proper business, that is, religion or devotion, except in the cases of necessity, above mentioned. I think it may be maintained in general, that, as whatsoever tends to destroy or nullify the great design of religious worship should be omitted on the Lord's-day, so some lesser labours, which tend to make the performances of religion more easy, cheerful, and regular to ourselves, and to great numbers of others, may safely be performed on this day without a wilful violation of it." And having premised that, as he would not bind new burdens on the servants of Christ, so neither would he release what Christ has bound, he concludes that, "according as our constitution is more or less healthy, or our circumstances in the world, as servants or masters, as poor or rich, call us more or less to necessary works on this day, so we are to employ ourselves in the affairs of religion at such hours, and with such intervals of relief and refreshment, as that the sabbath of the Lord may be a pleasure to us, and may not overtax feeble nature, instead of giving it rest. We should all employ this day to the designs and ends appointed, to the honour of God and our risen Saviour; not with peevish

rigour and superstitious abstinences — not in indulgences of the flesh and lazy idleness, — not in sports and pastimes, — but with Christian wisdom improve our time for religious purposes, according to our capacities and stations ; knowing that we are in a state of gospel liberty, freed from a state and spirit of bondage, and rejoicing in the Lord, our deliverer and Saviour.”

This is entirely in accord with the gentle spirit of moderation and benevolence that pervades all his works. Johnson admired his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure in his theological writings ; and observes that orthodoxy was united with charity not only in his works, but in his mind. Charity, indeed, in its full Christian sense, was one of his favourite themes. “I find a strange pleasure,” he says, “in discoursing of this virtue, hoping that my very soul may be moulded into its divine likeness. I would always feel it inwardly warming my heart ; I would have it look through my eyes continually, and it should be ever ready upon my lips to soften every expression of my tongue ; I would dress myself in it as my best raiment ; I would put it on upon my faith and hope, not so as entirely to hide them, but as an upper and more visible vesture, constantly to appear in among men. For our Christian charity is to evidence our other virtues.”

So completely was he conformed to this Christian temper, that even when engaged in contro-

versy he seems never to have been provoked to any angry feeling, nor tempted to an uncharitable one. When an opponent had assumed an overbearing manner towards him, and affected a tone of triumph to which he was little entitled, Dr. Watts, though he perceived that men were too easily carried away by such assumption of superiority, and that he who places himself in the seat of the scorner, never fails to find servile admirers, could not prevail upon himself to adopt a manner of writing so contrary to his own principles and disposition, even though he might have gained by it a temporary success for the great truths in behalf of which he was engaged. He felt himself not only indisposed but unqualified for it. "David," he said, "might better bear Saul's armour than he could enter into such a manner of dispute."

It was in this spirit of charity, and not in any loose latitude of opinion, that he said, "I am persuaded there is a breadth in the narrow road to Heaven, and persons may travel more than seven abreast in it." That spirit led him to declare his persuasion that heathens and savages, who never heard of the gospel, are not left to perish unavoidably without any hope, or any grace to trust in; but if there be found among them any who fear God and work righteousness, they shall be accepted of Him, through an unknown Mediator, as Cornelius was. It led him to entertain a curious opinion concerning the souls

of those who die in infancy. The execrable notion that they are condemned to eternal punishment for their portion of original sin, he utterly rejected; and the fancy of a Limbo, which some Protestants had been willing to adopt from the figments of the Romish church, seemed to him as neither supported by Scripture, nor maintainable by reason. Rather than condemn them to a wretched resurrection for the purpose of being condemned, he would have chosen to believe in a metempsychosis, and that the soul on its early separation from one body entered into another, in which it might go through that state of trial on which its eternal destiny might equitably depend. But in his judgment it was more likely, as more consonant with Scripture, that they underwent, in its strict and final sense, the penalty of temporal death denounced against all the race of Adam; and that there was no resurrection appointed for them. "This hypothesis," he says, not only absolves the providence of God from supposed cruelty, but perhaps it represents it as good and gracious towards far the greatest part of those that are born of Adam; while they are not suffered to live and grow up amidst the temptations of this world, and under their present corrupt principles of nature, but are precluded from rendering themselves more miserable by being cut off in infancy." "The Scripture having never, in any text that I can find, foretold the resurrec-

tion or judgment of the infants of sinful parents, and having pronounced the word *death* only as the penalty of Adam's sin, or their interest in it, and denounced the final judgment and eternal misery only against actual sinners, there is abundant reason to believe that God has knowingly and wisely appointed and ordained all these things, so that his providence might be secure from all charges of cruelty and injustice. And perhaps this hypothesis, which I have here proposed, is nothing else but these very appointments and transactions of God set in their proper scriptural light, to guard his providence from censure."

The treatise in which this hypothesis was advanced contains two opinions, one of which is perhaps peculiar to Dr. Watts, and both are characteristic of him. Born and bred a Calvinist, after the "most strictest sect" of that persuasion, it was not to be expected that he should easily resign for himself the high privilege of his predestination, still less that they within whose circle he was circumscribed, who considered themselves, as they have seriously been called, to be *kings incog.* upon earth, should consent to have the entail of their crowns cut off and take only the common lot of inheritance with other men. That he and they were by indefeasible election assured of salvation, was what he could willingly and joyfully believe; but his understanding, his tenderness for his fellow-creatures, and his piety made him shrink from

what had ever been held as a consequent article of the same creed, that the other and far greater part of the human race were, by an equally irrevocable decree, predoomed to sin and wrath and everlasting punishment. "Surely," says he, "the Lord Jesus would never be sent in flaming fire to render vengeance on those that obey not the gospel,¹ if there was no sufficient salvation provided in that gospel which commands them to receive it." Can we think that the righteous Judge of the world will merely send words of grace and salvation amongst them, on purpose to make his creatures so much the more miserable, when there is no real grace to salvation contained in those words for them who refuse to receive it?" "It is very hard to suppose, that when the word of God, by the general commands, promises, threatenings, given to all men whatsoever, and often repeated therein, represents mankind as in a state of probation, and in the way towards eternal rewards or eternal punishments, according to their behaviour in this life, — I say it is hard to suppose all this should be no real and just representation, but a mere amusement! that all these proposals of mercy and displays of the gracious dealings of God, should be an empty show, with regard to all the millions of mankind, besides the few that are chosen to happiness! and that they

• 1 2 Thess. i. 8, 9.

should really be so fixed in a wretched, hopeless, and deplorable state, under the first sin of the first man, that they are utterly irrecoverable from the ruins of it ! ”

It is easier to get into a labyrinth than to find the way out of it. Watts thought to solve the difficulty by rejecting the doctrine of reprobation, while he retained that of election, and maintaining that salvation was absolutely secured for the elect, and conditionally provided for any others who chose to accept it ; so that all might be saved, though there were but few who inevitably must. His mind was more remarkable for subtlety than strength ; yet if he had not been deeply imbued with a tenet which, of all others, is the most flattering to the pride of those who think themselves included in the charter, he could not have supposed that by such a compromise he could “ vindicate the ways of God to man.” The way in which he treats the subject, however, shows his own amiable disposition, and at the same time discovers the spirit with which some of those to whom he addressed himself were possessed. “ The doctrine of reprobation,” says he, “ in the most severe and absolute sense of it, stands in such a direct contradiction to all our notions of kindness and love to others, in which the blessed God is set forth as an example, that our reason cannot tell how to receive it. Yet if it were never so true, and never so plainly revealed in Scripture,

it could only be a doctrine which might require our humble assent, and our silent submission to it, with awful reverence of the majesty and sovereignty of the great God. But it is by no means a doctrine in which we, as men, could or should rejoice and glory, or take pleasure in it ; because it hath so dreadful an aspect on far the greatest part of our fellow-creatures, considered as mere creatures. Nor do I think the blessed God would require us so far to divest ourselves of humanity, as to take a secret satisfaction in the absolute and eternal appointment of such numbers of our kindred in flesh and blood, to everlasting perdition ; much less should we make this awful and terrible article a matter of our public boast and triumph, even if we could prove it to be revealed, — but rather mourn for it. And since there are so many expressions of Scripture that give us reason to think that Christ lived and died in some respects as a common Mediator of mankind, though with a peculiar regard to the elect, methinks this doctrine of the extensive goodness of God, is a much more desirable opinion, and should be more cheerfully received by us, as it is so agreeable to our duty of charity to all men, and seems so necessary to us at present, for vindicating the justice, goodness, and sincerity of the blessed God, in his transactions with mankind. When, therefore, I hear men talk of the doctrine of reprobation with a special gust and relish, as a favourite, I can-

not but suspect their good temper, and question whether they love their neighbour as they do themselves."

The redemption of the elect, and of those who not being predestined to salvation, had nevertheless acquired it by their acceptance of the offered grace, Dr. Watts extended to their infants, exempting them from that annihilation, or transmigration, one of which, in his opinion, would be the lot of the infants of the unrighteous. He thought it agreeable to the law of nature and creation, that they who by reason of their infancy, were utterly incapable of knowing either the laws of God, or the discoveries and proposals of his mercy, should be esteemed a part of their parents, or one with them, as to all the purposes of the gospel dispensation. "It is not strange," he said, "that God should make his covenant of grace so favourable and extensive to the children of pious persons, since there is an evident analogy both in the kingdom of nature, and in the kingdom of Providence : for in these it is evident, that children often inherit the gout, or the stone, a healthy and robust constitution, or sickness and pain, — poverty or riches, — disgrace or honour, according to the condition and circumstances of their parents. And since it was so constituted in the law of innocency, and the covenant of works, whereby all the children of men should have been established in happiness, if Adam, their father, had continued in his obedi-

ence, and whereby all the posterity of Adam are now born in sin and misery, and involved in his fall, — why may we not reasonably suppose the mercy of God would extend as far as his justice? Why may not the happiness of the new covenant of grace be conveyed to the infant offspring of those who have accepted it, which die in their infancy, and can have no state of trial in their own persons?”

These opinions, though “new and peculiar,” were meekly and diffidently advanced, as merely “probable conjectures drawn from reason and Scripture, to relieve the difficulties which seem to hang on revealed truths.” “If the method proposed,” said he, “is not sufficient for this purpose, I shall rejoice to see better solutions of them given, and to behold them set in a fairer light. Where I have laboured to follow the track of reason, it hath been only in order to do more abundant honour to divine revelation, to which I entirely submit my faith and practice; and I solemnly renounce whatsoever is inconsistent with it, for that cannot be right reason. And let us remember also, that if all our attempts of this kind should fail, yet we may rest assured of this, that *God is ever wise and righteous and good*; that all his transactions with men, how intricate and repugnant soever they may seem to us, are highly consistent in His own view, and harmonize with all His own perfections. We may be assured

that we are sinful and unhappy creatures in ourselves; that there is an all-sufficient salvation provided through Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and that every one shall certainly be a joyful partaker of it, who follows the appointed methods of divine grace."

The condition of the souls in bliss was a favourite subject of speculation with him; and his views were so agreeable to Frank, the German pietist, that, at that remarkable person's instance, the two funeral discourses in memory of Sir John and Lady Hartopp, which Watts published under the title of "Death and Heaven, or the Last Enemy conquered, and Separate Spirits made perfect," was translated at Geneva. The preacher was said, by his translator, to have taken "an occasion of flying with his thoughts into the blessed mansions of the just, and given not only a very probable and beautiful idea of the glory of a future life in general, but also an enumeration of the many sorts of enjoyments and pleasures that are to be met with there."

Watts thought it might be "matter of inquiry whether the meanest saint among the sons of Adam had not some sort of privilege above any rank of angels, by being of a kindred nature to our glorified Emmanuel." But among the saints themselves he thought there must be a great and strongly marked difference of degrees. "Who can suppose that Moses, 'the meek, the friend of

God,' who was, as it were, his confident on earth, has taken his seat no nearer to Him in Paradise than Samson and Jephthah, 'those rash champions, those rude and bloody ministers of Providence?' Of this we may be assured, that there is no dull uniformity in the world of spirits." He dared not assert that there is no difference between souls themselves at their creation and union with the body: some considerations would rather lead him to believe that real diversities of genius existed among them in their own nature. But as it is certain that the mind of every man has its own peculiar turn and manner of thought, so it is more than probable that the soul will carry with it to heaven, so much of that turn and manner as is innocent, and can administer to its happiness, as in the wicked their evil passions will inflict on each his own peculiar and self-caused punishment. But if there were no difference between spirits in their original formation, yet this we know, that "God designed their habitation in flesh and blood, and their passage through this orb as the means to form and fit them for various stations in the unknown world." "The souls of men having dwelt many years in particular bodies, have been influenced and habituated to particular turns of thought, both according to the various constitutions of their bodies, and the more various studies and businesses and occurrences of life." It may reasonably therefore be imagined that

they will have “the same variety of taste and pleasure in that happy world above, according as they are fitted for various kinds of sacred entertainments in their state of preparation, and during their residence in flesh and blood !”

Watts seems to have said in his mind with Milton,

What, if earth

Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein

Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

Blackmore, between whom and Milton Watts may be placed about half way, has asked himself the same question ; and accordingly, when, in a poem worthy of its anti-illustrious author, Queen Elizabeth, in the body, is taken to heaven in a chariot by the angel Gabriel, that she

May see the triumphs of the blest,

and, at the same time,

Of future joys, a present earnest taste,

one of the sights with which he entertains her there is, — a review before the walls of the New Jerusalem.

Upon a spacious field,

By his superior port and brighter shield

Distinguished, Michael drew in long array

Heaven's bright brigades, that his command obey.

The illustrious cohorts with seraphic grace

In long review before their general pass.

Immortal youth in their bless'd faces smiled :

How terrible their strength ! their looks how mild !

What fatal arms each glorious warrior wears !

How keen their swords ! how long and bright their spears

How awful did the extended front appear!
How dreadful was their deep unmeasurable rear!
The bless'd were thus employed; these scenes were seen
Before the city, by the wondering queen.

If Elizabeth, instead of being present in the body at this super-celestial review, had only seen it described in such verses as these, she might have thought that her own camp at Tilbury made a far more imposing display. Watts had no predilections for the pomp and circumstance of war; and though, like Mr. Locke, he was an admirer of Sir Richard's epics, it would certainly have appeared to him something worse than absurd to represent this as one of the employments of the blessed in the world of peace! Yet the heaven of his imagination was coloured by his earthly pursuits: whether there were to be reviews there or not, there were to be sermons.

The spirits of the good must, he thought, have some special circumstances of sacred pleasures, suited to their labours and studies while in their state of trial; "for the church on earth is but a training-school for the church on high, and, as it were, a tiring-room, in which we are dressed in proper habits for our appearance and our places in that bright assembly." Thus he supposed, that as Moses and David were both trained up in feeding flocks in the wilderness, that they might feed and rule God's chosen people, this training in the arts of holy government on earth prepared them to be "chiefs of some blessed army, some sacred

tribe in heaven." They had both been directors of the forms of worship below, under divine inspiration; this might fit them to become "leaders of some celestial assembly, when a multitude of the sons of God come at stated seasons to present themselves before the throne." David had been the chief mortal man in the harmonious work of celebrating the Creator's praise: "may we not then imagine that he is or shall be a master of heavenly music, before or after the resurrection, and teach some of the chosen above to tune their harps to the Lamb that was slain?" Boyle and Ray, pursuing the philosophy in which they delighted on earth, contemplate there the wisdom of God in his works. Henry More and Howe continue their metaphysical researches with heightened and refined powers of mind. Thomas Goodwin and Owen are becoming more and more enlightened in their theological perceptions. Eusebius, and Usher, and Bishop Burnet there have the whole history of the church and the ways of providence open to them. But for Tillotson and Baxter,—the first having devoted himself to the cultivation of holiness, and peace, and love, and the second having worked hard for the end of controversies and for the conversion of souls,—no occupation would seem by this scheme to have been provided, if Dr. Watts had not conceived that lectures of divine wisdom and grace are given to the younger spirits there by those of a more exalted

station: "for not only is there the service of thanksgiving here, and of prayer, but such entertainments as lectures and sermons also ; and there all the worship that is paid is the established worship of the whole country." If some of his conceptions in these discourses are of the earth, earthy, there are parts in which he approaches too near the Holy of Holies.

Dr. Watts was aware—he could not indeed fail to perceive—that he exposed himself to some reproach for supposing that the distinctions of human society were, in a certain sense, continued beyond this world. "Some," said he, "will reprove me here, and say, what, must none but ministers and authors, and learned men have their distinguished rewards and glories in the world of spirits? May not artificers, and traders, and pious women be fitted by their character and conduct on earth for peculiar stations and employment in heaven? Yes, doubtless," he answers. But he asks, whether Deborah, who animated the armies of Israel, and sung their victories, is not engaged in some more illustrious employment among the heavenly tribes, than Dorcas, whose highest character is that she was full of alms-deeds, and made coats and garments for the poor? and whether Dorcas is not "prepared for some greater enjoyments, some sweeter relish of mercy, or some special taste of the Divine goodness above Rahab, the harlot?" Different, however, as may be the

degrees of good in heaven, all may be perfect there, and free from every defect.

It has been affirmed, (I know not with what truth,) that Baxter, in the first edition of his *Saint's Rest*, spoke of the Parliament of Heaven, because he would not call it a Kingdom. Watts invests his saints with regal dignity and regal powers. "Some part of the happiness of heaven," he says, "is described in Scripture by crowns and thrones, by royalty and kingly honours: why may we not then suppose that such souls, whose sublimer graces have prepared them for such dignity and office, may *rule the nations*, even in a literal sense? Why may not those spirits that have passed their trials in flesh and blood, and come off conquerors, why may they not sometimes be appointed visitors and superintendents over whole provinces of intelligent beings in lower regions, who are yet labouring in their state of probation? Or perhaps they may be exalted to a presidency over inferior ranks of happy spirits, may shine bright amongst them as the morning star, and lead on their holy armies to celestial work, or worship. The Scripture itself gives me a hint of such employments in the angelic world, and such presidencies over some parts of our world, or of their own. Do we not read of Gabriel and Michael, and their management of the affairs of Persia and Greece, and Judah, in the book of Daniel? And it is an intimation of the same hierarchy, when some

superior angel led on a multitude of the heavenly host to sing an hymn of praise at Bethlehem, when the Son of God was born there. Now, if angels are thus dignified, may not human spirits unbodied have the same office? Our Saviour when he rewards the faithful servant that had gained ten pounds, bids him take authority over ten cities; and he that had gained five, had five cities under his government. So that this is not a mere random thought, or a wild invention of fancy, but patronized by the word of God." If he had followed up these views he might have found himself nearer Rome than Geneva.

As might be expected, from the gentleness of his disposition, he dwells far less upon the terrors of a future state than upon the hopes which are held out to the righteous. "The mercy-seat in heaven," he said, "is our surest and sweetest refuge in every hour of distress and darkness on earth."—"How little is death to be dreaded by a believer, since it will bring the soul to the full possession of its hidden life in heaven! It is a dark valley that divides between this world and the next; but it is all a region of light and blessedness beyond it. We are now borderers on the eternal world, and we know but little of that invisible country. Approaching death opens the gates to us, and begins to give our holy curiosity some secret satisfaction; and yet how we shrink backward, and are ready to beg and pray that

they might be closed again! But it is better to have our Christian courage wrought up to a divine height, and to say ‘Open, ye everlasting gates, and be ye lift up, O ye immortal doors, that we may enter into the place where the King of glory is!’”

Upon the passage of the soul from the visible to the invisible world, we have some curious speculations. After bewildering himself in *space* which (agreeable to the lovers’ well-known wish) he endeavoured to annihilate, and after in like manner abolishing *substance*, and saying that we may content ourselves with the notion and description of it given by the schools,—*Substantia est Ens per se subsistens et substans accidentibus*,—he argues, that as disembodied spirits cannot exist *everywhere*, and do not properly exist *anywhere*, they may philosophically be said to exist *nowhere*. Whether then does the soul depart when it is separated from the body? and if it depart, whither? Perhaps it may be furnished with some new vehicle of more refined matter; perhaps it may abide where death finds it,—in *anywhereness*, or *nowhereness*, not changing its place, but only its manner of thinking and acting, and its mode of existence, and without removal finding itself in heaven or hell, according to its consciousness of its own deserts.

“I might illustrate this,” he says, “by two similes, and especially apply them to the case of holy souls departing.

“ 1. Suppose a torch enclosed in a cell of earth, in the midst of ten thousand thousand torches that shone at large in a spacious amphitheatre. While it is enclosed its beams strike only on the walls of its own cell, and it has no communion with those without; but let the cell fall down at once, and the torch that minute has full communion with all those ten thousand; it shines as freely as they do, and receives and gives assistance to all of them, and joins to add glory to that illustrious place.

“ 2. Or suppose a man born and brought up in a dark prison, in the midst of a fair and populous city: he lives there in a close confinement, perhaps he enjoys there only the twinkling light of a lamp, with thick air and much ignorance; though he has some distant hints and reports of the surrounding city and its affairs, yet he sees and knows nothing immediately, but what is done in his own prison, till in some happy minute the walls fall down; then he finds himself at once in a large and populous town, encompassed with a thousand blessings; with surprise he beholds the king in all his glory, and holds converse with the sprightly inhabitants; he can speak their language, and finds his nature suited to such communion; he breathes free air, and stands in the open light; he shakes himself and exults in his own liberty. Such is a soul existing in a moment in the separate world of holy and happy souls, and before a

present God, when the prison-walls of flesh fall to the ground."

Watts was not one of those divines (unworthily so called) who seem in their own element when revelling in the description of penal and sulphureous fires : yet he took no flattering and false view of human nature, for he saw, and felt and knew that it was corrupted and fallen. Some he said, imagined, that his retirement from the world, and dwelling much among his own solitary thoughts and old authors, had led him into melancholy and dismal apprehensions of mankind ; but on the contrary, he declared that it was his free and public converse with the world in earlier life, which had given him his just and distressful views of his fellow-creatures. With old authors, indeed, he had no very extensive acquaintance. He could call to mind no better one than Eusebius, to enumerate among his spiritual peers in the kingdom of heaven. But from some of those with which he was conversant, he adopted the dreadful notion, that measures man's offences by the immeasurable power of the Almighty, and aggravates them in proportion as that is great. Eternal punishment, he says, would not so plainly and evidently seem just and reasonable, "unless upon a supposition that all offences committed against the infinite majesty of God, have a sort of infinite demerit in them ! and the offence partaking thus of infinity, the punishment must therefore be eternal." Yet

when he declared his belief in this doctrine, he proclaimed that “whosoever sincerely confesses and repents of sin, and trusts in the all-sufficient atonement and sacrifice of Christ, to remove the guilt of it, has abundant assurance from Scripture that the blood of Christ will cleanse him from all sin, and that the Son of God has been, and will be his High-priest to reconcile him to God the Father.”

There is however a remarkable passage in the preface to the second volume of his Discourses on the World to Come:—“Were he,” he said, “to pursue his inquiries into the doctrine of eternal punishment, merely by the aids of the light of nature and reason, he feared that his natural tenderness might warp him aside from the rules and the demands of strict justice, and the wise and holy government of the great God. But he was constrained to follow the unerring word of God, wherein the everlasting punishment of sinners in hell is asserted in the plainest and strongest manner, and that by all the methods of expression which are used in Scripture to signify an everlasting continuance.

“I must confess here,” he adds, “if it were possible for the great and blessed God any other way to vindicate his own eternal and unchangeable hatred of sin, the inflexible justice of his government, the wisdom of his severe threatenings, and the veracity of his predictions,—if it

were also possible for him, without this terrible execution, to vindicate the veracity, sincerity, and wisdom of the prophets and apostles, and of Jesus Christ his Son, the greatest and chiefest of his divine messengers; and then, if the blessed God should at any time in a consistence with his glorious and incomprehensible perfections, release those wretched creatures from their acute pains and long imprisonment in hell, either with a design of the utter destruction of their beings by annihilation, or to put them into some unknown world upon a new foot of trial, I ought cheerfully and joyfully to accept this appointment of God for the good of millions of my fellow-creatures, and add my joys and praises to all the songs and triumphs of the heavenly world, in the day of such a divine and glorious release of these prisoners.

“ But I feel myself under a necessity of confessing, that I am utterly unable to solve these difficulties according to the discoveries of the New Testament, which must be my constant rule of faith, and hope, and expectation, with regard to myself and others. I have read the strongest and best writers on the other side; yet, after all my studies, I have not been able to find any way how these difficulties may be removed, and how the divine perfections, and the conduct of God in his Word, may be fairly vindicated, without the establishment of this doctrine, awful and formidable as it is.

“The ways, indeed, of the great God, and *his thoughts are above our thoughts and our ways, as the heavens are above the earth.* Yet I must rest and acquiesce where our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father’s chief Minister both of his wrath and his love, has left me in the divine revelations of Scripture ; and I am constrained therefore to leave these unhappy creatures under *the chains of everlasting darkness*, into which they have cast themselves by their wilful iniquities — till the blessed God shall see fit to release them.

“This would be indeed such a new, such an astonishing and universal jubilee, both for devils and wicked men, as must fill heaven, earth, and hell with hallelujahs and joy. In the mean time it is my ardent wish, that the awful sense of the terrors of the Almighty, and his everlasting anger, which the Word of the great God denounces, may awaken some souls timely to bethink themselves of the dreadful danger into which they are running, before those terrors seize them at death, and begin to be executed upon them without release, and without hope.”

This is a most curious passage. While on the one hand it expresses, in the strongest and most unequivocal terms, that the writer believed the doctrine of eternal punishment, because he found it plainly to his understanding declared in Scripture, it implies on the other, as obviously as words can imply a meaning, an opinion that the Al-

mighty has some secret and mitigating decree *altâ mente reportum*, and that Watts himself agreed, in his latent belief, with Origen and the Universalists.

But there is another point and of the highest importance, on which Dr. Watts has been supposed to have modified, or changed his creed. I know not on what authority the story rests, that an Unitarian lady, once in conversation with Johnson, claimed Dr. Watts as a convert to her sect, and said, that although he had defended the Trinitarian doctrine in his works, he opened his eyes at his death. "Did he, madam?" Johnson is said to have replied; "then the first thing he saw was the devil." The speech is such as Johnson might have let fly on such an occasion, the more readily because he did not believe the assertion that provoked it. He has praised Watts as being "pure from all the heresies of an age to which every opinion had become a favourite that the universal church has hitherto detested." This was peculiarly the case with the dissenters. Thus their own recent historians say, that during this period error was the destroying angel of dissenting congregations; and they trace the cause to their academies, saying, it is by the principles of religion which a tutor instils into his students, that they become a blessing or a curse to the human race; assassins of souls, or instruments of salvation. Arminianism, they say, was the first stage of the disease, Arian-

ism, the second ; and “ when it filled the pulpit it invariably emptied the pews. This was the case, not only where a part of the congregation, alarmed by the sound of heresy, fled from the polluted house to a separate society ; but where no opposition was made, and all remained without a murmur in the original place. In numerous instances the preacher, full of the wisdom of the serpent, sought by hiding the monster from their view, to draw them over by stealth to the new theology, and unveiled his sentiments only as the people were able to bear them without a frown. Though at last his wishes were crowned with success, yet the decay began, and gradually consumed the growth, the strength, and the life of the society, till a large congregation was reduced to a handful. Where Socinianism found an entrance, its operations were quicker than those of the Arian creed, and more effectual : flourishing societies were reduced to a few families, which being animated with zeal for the new opinions, or indifferent about any, chose to continue to support the modes of worship to which, from education or use, they were attached. In many places Socinianism was the abomination of desolation, and consigned what had been formerly the house of prayer and of the assemblies of the saints, an undisturbed abode to the spiders and the bats.”

Watts had inherited a large share of the original temptation, — that inward and spiritual temp-

tation whereby man is incited to pluck the forbidden fruit. He approached too near the veil; and confiding in his own natural and cultivated acuteness, endeavoured sometimes strictly to define what the Scriptures have left indefinite, as if he were possessed of an intellectual prism with which he could decompose the Light of Light. There were times when he was conscious of this. Upon publishing some sermons, many years after they were written, in which he had expatiated on the nature of the Trinity, he confessed in a note that these were "warmer efforts of imagination than riper years could indulge, on a theme so sublime and abstruse. Since I have searched more studiously," he says, "into the mystery of late, I have learned more of my own ignorance; so that when I speak of these unsearchables, I abate much of my younger assurance, nor do my later thoughts venture so far into the particular modes of explaining the sacred distinctions in the Godhead."

Yet he continued to search into the unsearchable. In the preface to the second part of his Dissertation on this awful subject, he says, "Perhaps it may be charged upon me, that I have not, in these Dissertations, exactly confined myself in every punctilio, to the same sentiments, which I had published some years ago, with relation to the doctrine of the Trinity; and particularly, that though I continue to maintain the supreme Deity of the Son and Spirit, yet that I have described

the doctrine of their personality in stronger and more unlimited terms heretofore, than I have done in these papers. Here let me give one general answer. When I apply myself with diligence to make further inquiries into the great doctrines of the Gospel, I would never make my own former opinions the standard of truth, and the rule by which to determine my future judgment. My work is always to lay the Bible before me, to consult that sacred and infallible guide, and to square and adjust all my sentiments by that certain and unerring rule. It is to the supreme Judge of controversies that I pay an unreserved submission, and would desire all further light from this fountain. I thank God that I have learned to retract my former sentiments, and change them, when upon stricter search and review, they appear less agreeable to the divine standard of faith. Though a sentence or two from any man's former writings may be able, perhaps, to confront his latter thoughts, yet that is not sufficient to refute them. All that it will prove is this, that that man keeps his mind ever open to conviction, and that he is willing and desirous to change a darker for a clearer idea. It will only declare to the world, that he can part with a mistake for the hope of truth, that he dares confess himself a fallible creature, and that his knowledge is capable of improvement."

It cannot be doubted that Watts's intellectual

bias inclined him toward the movement party: happily his natural piety and his deep sense of devotion withheld him from falling into their march of error. He left some pieces on the Trinitarian controversy, which the editors of his works said, "it was not judged necessary to publish." But any suspicion as to the main articles of his faith, which such a suppression might otherwise seem to warrant, is entirely precluded by their publishing his "Solemn Address to the great and ever-blessed God," on a review of what he had written upon the subject. It was designed for a preface to those pieces. If the limits of this Biographical Essay permitted, the whole of this extraordinary and most passionate supplication should be inserted here. The substance might be compressed into these words, 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!' but in none of his other compositions has Watts written with such eloquence, such fulness of feeling, such agony of mind. As he had before done concerning eternal torments, he says and unsays, affirms and qualifies his affirmations: but that was a subject on which he speculated as one who felt that he had no personal interest in the question: here he is conscious of temptation, and apprehensive of sin. He declares his implicit submission to the Scriptures, yet complains that there should be any thing in them which has not been revealed so as to be within reach of his capacity,—any mys-

teries which remain mysterious to him ! Then again he entreats God to preserve him from the danger into which he runs who pursues such inquiries, and prays that he may “never be so unhappy as to unglorify his Father, his Saviour, or his Sanctifier,” in any of his sentiments or expressions concerning them. Finally, he appeals to the divine promises, and throws himself upon the divine mercy in this conclusion :

“Blessed and faithful God, hast thou not promised that the meek thou wilt guide in judgment, the meek thou wilt teach thy way ? Hast thou not taught us by Isaiah thy prophet, that thou wilt bring the blind by a way which they know not, and wilt lead them in paths which they have not known ? Hast thou not informed us by thy prophet Hosea, that if we follow on to know the Lord, then we shall know him ? Hath not thy Son, our Saviour, assured us, that our heavenly Father will give his Holy Spirit to them who ask him ? And is he not appointed to guide us into all truth ? Have I not sought the gracious guidance of thy good Spirit continually ? Am I not truly sensible of my own darkness and weakness, my dangerous prejudices on every side, and my utter insufficiency for my own conduct ? Wilt thou leave such a poor creature, bewildered among a thousand perplexities, which are raised by the various opinions and contrivances of men, to explain thy divine truth ?

“Help me, heavenly Father, for I am quite tired and weary of these human explainings, so various and uncertain. When wilt thou explain it to me thyself, O my God, by the secret and certain dictates of thy Spirit, according to the intimation of thy Word? Nor let any pride of reason, nor any affectation of novelty, nor any criminal bias whatsoever, turn my heart aside from hearkening to these divine dictates of thy Word and thy Spirit. Suffer not any of my native corruptions, nor the vanity of my imagination, to cast a mist over my eyes while I am searching after the knowledge of thy mind and will, for my eternal salvation.

“I entreat, O most merciful Father, that thou wilt not suffer the remnant of my short life to be wasted in such endless wanderings in quest of thee and thy Son Jesus, as a great part of my past days have been; but let my sincere endeavours to know thee, in all the ways whereby thou hast discovered thyself in thy Word, be crowned with such success that my soul being established in every needful truth by thy Holy Spirit, I may spend my remaining life according to the rules of thy gospel, and may, with all the holy and happy creation, ascribe glory and honour, wisdom and power, to thee who sittest upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever!”

It cannot be supposed that the disquisitions to which this address was to have been prefixed,

could contain an avowal of Socinian or Arian opinions. Socinianism he knew to be utterly untenable by any who take the Scriptures for their rule of faith; upon this his judgment has been frequently and cogently given: there is not the slightest indication in any of his works of a tendency toward Arianism, and both are distinctly disclaimed in this memorable exposition of his own state of mind. His complaint was not that he could not believe all that is revealed, but that revelation had not extended further, and enabled him to comprehend the incomprehensible. Happy had it been for him, if he, who humbled his mind to the composition of songs and spelling-books for children, had applied to his own case our Saviour's words, and in this instance become as a little child himself! Happy had it been, because, during the whole course of his innocent, and otherwise most peaceful life, he seems never to have been assailed by any other temptation than this of the intellect, never to have been beset with any other troubles than those in which his own subtlety entangled him.

These, however, are the doubts which he "subdued, not in a martial posture, but upon his knees;" in his own sense of insecurity and danger, in his struggles against temptation, in his trouble and agony of mind, the mischief ended. The cloud and the darkness came over him, the deep waters seemed rising to overwhelm him, but

he clung to the Rock of his salvation, and “blessed God who had not suffered him to abandon the gospel of his Son Jesus, and blessed the Holy Spirit who had kept him attentive to the truth disclosed in that gospel.” His theological works are all designed to enforce and vindicate that truth; and what he has recorded of the distress in which he involved himself, by his desire of becoming wise beyond what is written, may well deter others from coveting to taste of the fruit of the forbidden tree.

If Watts had flourished in the ages of the schoolmen, acute as he was, the appellation which his disciples would have devised to honour his name, would have been derived rather from his piety and benevolence, his love of God and man, than from his metaphysical speculations; for even in those days it was by his virtues, by the Christian spirit which animated him, that this devout and amiable man would have been peculiarly characterized. He lived in better times, and was as fortunate in his station as in the age in which his lot was cast. In his own circle he enjoyed the highest reputation. The universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen spontaneously conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity; and Johnson has justly observed, that “academical honours would have more value if they were always bestowed with equal judgment.” No circumstance, either public or private, tended to provoke in him

any angry or acrimonious feelings. Strongly as he was attached to the general principle of non-conformity, there was no bitterness in his dissent ; he lived not only in charity with all men, but on terms of good will and friendship with some of the most eminent of the clergy. All parties agreed in rendering justice to the benignity of his disposition, the usefulness of his labours, and the purity of his life.

It was from motives of gratitude towards Sir Thomas and Lady Abney that he first engaged in the humbler parts of education. His art of Reading and Writing English was dedicated to their daughters, for whose use it was originally drawn up, at a time when, being incapable of more public work, he thought himself bound to make his best acknowledgment of the uncommon generosity and kindness which invited him into that family : this could be done, he said, in no way more grateful to them, nor more pleasing to himself, than by offering his assistance in the education of their children, then in their youngest years. The sense of a higher duty induced him to compose his catechisms for their use ; one for children of three or four years old, and a second for those of seven or eight ; both intended as preparatory for the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. "I well know," said he, "that some of my particular friends imagine my time is employed in too mean a service while I write for babes ; but I content

myself with this thought, that nothing is too mean for a servant of Christ to engage in, if he can thereby most effectually promote the kingdom of his blessed Maker. Perhaps it is not proper for me to say, and the world will hardly believe, what pains have been taken in composing these catechisms; with what care I have endeavoured to select the most easy and necessary parts of our religion, in order to propose them to the memory of children according to their ages; what laborious diligence has been used to seek out all the plainest and most familiar forms of speech, that the great things of God and the mysteries of the gospel might be brought down to the capacities of children. It is not for me to say how many hours and days and weeks have been spent in revising and examining every word and expression, that, if possible, nothing might be inserted which might give just occasion of offence to pious persons and families; that nothing might be left out which was necessary for children to know in that tender age; and that no word, phrase, or sentiment, if possible, might be admitted, which could not be brought in some measure within the reach of a child's understanding."

He accompanied this with what he called "A Preservative from the Sins and Follies of Childhood and Youth," or a brief account of the vices and frailties to which childhood and youth are liable, and of which they should be warned early;

with arguments against them, taken from reason and Scripture. This was drawn up in the way of question and answer; but it was not called a catechism, because he proposed it not to be learnt by heart, but to be frequently read and inculcated. He composed also catechisms of scriptural names, and of the more important transactions recorded in the Bible, and, in the same form, what he entitled "A Short View of the whole Scripture History," but which is in reality, as any such view must be, of considerable length. His love of children made him delight in employing himself for their instruction and amusement. He composed rhyming lines for copy-books, containing moral instruction, and beginning with every letter of the alphabet; copies, composed of short letters, for teaching to write even; and others, each line of which contained all the twenty-four letters. One stanza in his Art of Reading and Writing enumerates the twelve signs of the zodiac; and there are two others, in one of which the planets are described in their order, according to the vulgar philosophy, which still it seems, in his time, made the earth its centre; in the other, the true system is expressed.

Dr. Johnson says, "he could not praise his poetry itself highly, but he could praise its design;"—and "this praise the general interest of mankind requires to be given to writers who please and do not corrupt, who instruct and do not decoy." No

compositions of the kind have obtained such extensive use as his Hymns and Songs for Children. Doddridge relates, in a letter to him, an instance of the effect they produced, and the affectionate reverence with which his name was in consequence regarded. "I was preaching," he says, "to a large assembly of plain country people, at a village, when, after a sermon from Hebrews vi. 12, we sung one of your hymns, which, if I remember right, was the 140th of the second book; and in that part of the worship I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the eyes of several of the people. After the service was over, some of them told me that they were not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected; and the clerk in particular said he could hardly utter the words as he gave them out." The hymn indeed was likely to have this effect upon an assembly, whose minds were under the immediate impression produced by a pathetic preacher; and it is one of the advantages of devotional singing that they who bear a part in it, affect themselves.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The Saints above, how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came?
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast,)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For him our pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to Heaven.

“They were most of them,” Doddridge continues, “poor people, who work for their living; yet on the mention of your name, I found that they had read several of your books with delight; and that your Psalms and Hymns were almost their daily entertainment. And when one of the company said, ‘What if Dr. Watts should come down to Northampton?’ another replied, with remarkable warmth, ‘The very sight of him would be as good as an ordinance to me!’ I mention the matter just as it occurred, and am persuaded that it is only a familiar and natural specimen of what often takes place amongst a multitude of Christians who never saw your face.”

“I have been in pain,” says Colonel Gardiner, in a letter to Doddridge, lest that excellent person, (Dr. Watts,) should be called to heaven before I had an opportunity to let him know how much

his works have been blessed in me, and of course to return him my hearty thanks ; for though it is owing to the operation of the Blessed Spirit that any thing works effectually upon our hearts, yet if we are not thankful to the instrument which God is pleased to make use of, which we do see, how shall we be thankful to the Almighty whom we have not seen ? Well am I acquainted with his works, especially with his Psalms, Hymns, and Lyrics. How often, by singing some of them when by myself, on horseback and elsewhere, has the evil spirit been made to flee away,

Whene'er my heart in tune was found
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

From such testimonies to the effect of his poems Watts must have received more heartfelt satisfaction than the highest degree of critical approbation and popular applause could have communicated to a mind like his.

Dr. Johnson, in what he says of him and his poems, has been equally mistaken concerning the species of poetry, and the characteristics of the author. He thought that the first attempt to employ the ornaments of romance in the decoration of religion was made by Mr. Boyle's *Martyrdom of Theodora*. This is not remarkable, because if he had been as conversant with the stores of our earlier poetry as he was with almost any other department of general literature, he would not have commenced his collection of the *British Poets*

(the first of its kind) with Cowley. But when he asserts that devotional poetry is unsatisfactory, because the paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction, it seems as if he had taken a most contracted and short-sighted view of the subject, and as if he had forgotten that of all poetry, inspired poetry is the most figurative.

He says of Watts himself, in his poetical character, that his judgment was clear, and that he noted beauties and faults with very nice discernment. Where was this judgment and this nice discernment when he professed his admiration of Sir Richard Blackmore, and went for an example of English heroic verse in his Grammar, to that knight's "excellent poem, called King Arthur?" But to this praise of Dr. Watts every reader will assent, that his thoughts are always religiously pure; "that he is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased;" "that happy will that reader be whose mind is disposed, by his verse or his prose, to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God;" that "if he stood not in the first class of genius, he compensated this defect by a ready application of his powers to the promotion of piety;" and that "to those all human eulogies are vain, whom we believe applauded by angels and numbered with the just."

Feeble as Dr. Watts always was in body, and much as he had suffered from illness, he attained to a good old age. The conduct of some very near relations embittered his latter days, and for a while he seemed, being at the time in a state of extreme weakness, stupefied by it to such a degree as hardly to take notice of any thing about him. The worst part of this behaviour, which one of Doddridge's friends characterizes as "most marvellous, infamous, enormous wickedness," was concealed from him. "Lady Abney," says the writer, "keeps him in peaceful ignorance, and his enemies at a becoming distance ; so that in the midst of this cruel persecution he lives comfortably ; and when a friend asks him how he does, answers, 'Waiting God's leave to die.' It was in this stage of his decay that he mentioned the observation of an aged minister, how "the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the Gospel for their support, as the common and unlearned ; and so," said he, "I find it. It is the plain promises of the Gospel that are my support ; and I bless God that they are plain promises ; that do not require much labour and pains to understand them ; for I can do nothing now but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that."

In this patient and peaceful state of mind, on the 25th of Nov. 1748, and in the 75th year of

his age, he departed "in sure and certain hope." His body was deposited in the burial-ground of Bunhill-fields. His pupil, Sir John Hartopp, and his true friend, Lady Abney, under whose roof he had partaken of all the comforts of affluence, for six-and-thirty years, erected a handsome tomb over his grave; the epitaph he had composed himself, in these humble words:—

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Pastor of a Church of Christ in London,
successor to

THE REV. JOSEPH CARYL, DR. JOHN OWEN, MR. DAVID
CLARKSON, AND DR. ISAAC CHAUNCEY;

after fifty years of feeble labours in the gospel,
interrupted by four years of tiresome sickness,
was at last dismissed to his rest.

In uno Jesu omnia.

2 Cor. v. 8. Absent from the body and present with the
Lord.

Col. iii. 4. When Christ who is my life shall appear, then
shall I also appear with him in glory.

R. S.

Keswick, August 20, 1834.

P R E F A C E .

It has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness ; that an art, inspired from heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth place, as to be engaged in the interests of hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design ! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour ! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song, which history has brought down to our ears, was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his ‘ right hand became glorious in power ! when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy : the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the Red Sea. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters.’ *Exod. xv.* This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance

to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of heaven down to this lower world, as the darkness of that dispensation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that economy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse to evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism, the Muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this:

*Μοῦσαι Πιερίηθεν αἰοιδῆσι κλείουσαι,
Δεῦτε δὴ, ἐννέπετε σφέτερον πατέρ' ὑμνεῖν.*

Piërian Muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,
Descend and sing the God your Father's praise.

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of national Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty and defile her honours.

They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacy of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried reformation; while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: Unthinking youth have been enticed to sin, beyond the vicious propensities of nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that poesy was endued with all those allurements that lead the mind away in pleasing captivity? Was it for this, she was furnished with so many intellectual charms, that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? Can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design, that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights

of heaven, and bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The Reverend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them, in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my Lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxlviii. might be addressed to them :

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death;
Change your dire hissings into heavenly songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or, at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours; but it is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody; but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves, and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and

hardly escapes the sentence of ‘unclean and abominable.’ It is strange that persons that have had the Bible in their hands, should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse; and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the ‘earth a-trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: When the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.’ Judg. v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision; ‘Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones; the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and silence;

Then I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?' &c. Job. iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he 'hides him from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace.' Job, v. 21. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! 'It is a region to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall not return; it is a land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all confusion and disorder, and where the light is as darkness. This is my house, there have I made my bed: I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister: As for my hope, who shall see it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit.' Job, x. 21, and xvii. 13. When he humbles himself in complainings before the almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he use! 'Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth.' Job, xiii. 25, &c. 'Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance. Job, xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more despicable ideas, to represent the scoundrel herd and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses? chap.

xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows and reproaches, to amazement: 'They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness, desolate and waste: They cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper-roots for their meat: They were driven forth from among men (they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks: Among the bushes they brayed, under the nettles they were gathered together; they were children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now I am their song, yea, I am their by-word,' &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! 'Terrors are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out: he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep.' I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would show the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression; I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellences of their thoughts and style: nor is the lan-

guage of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their disposition so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue! When they speak of the dwelling-place of God, ‘He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible.’ When his holiness is mentioned, ‘The heavens are not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly: He looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before his eyes: He is a jealous God, and a consuming fire.’ If we speak of strength, ‘Behold he is strong: He removes the mountains, and they know it not: He overturns them in his anger: He shakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble. He makes a path through the mighty waters, he discovers the foundations of the world: The pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof.’ And, after all, ‘These are but a portion of his ways: The thunder of his power who can understand?’ His sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. ‘Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; but shall

the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? He bids the heavens drop down from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness. He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he seal-eth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep, Be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to hide their council from the Lord; his eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and makest he diviners mad. He turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish.' His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented, when he 'sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: All nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: He takes up the isles as a very little thing; Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees sufficient for the burning. This God, before whom the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity. To which of all the heathen gods will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to?' And to which of all the heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the Godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their

words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is creating the world: How meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Longinus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of the sublime style, when he chose to use it; 'And the Lord said, Let there be light, and there was light; Let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and behold they are:' He commanded, and they appear and obey: 'By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them, by the breath of his mouth.' This is working like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His wonders of providence for the terror and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set before our eyes in the scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When 'he arises out of his place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills are shaken because he is wroth: There goes a smoke up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkness is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his presence.' If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a descending God, they might use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph; but there is none

of them provides him a flight of cherubs instead of horses, or seats him in 'chariots of salvation.' David beholds him riding 'upon the heaven of heavens, by his name JAH: He was mounted upon a cherub and did fly; he flew on the wings of the wind;' and Habakkuk sends 'The pestilence before him.' Homer keeps a mighty stir with his *Νέφεληγερετὰ Ζεὺς* and Hesiod with his *Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης*, Jupiter that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the 'clouds but the dust of his feet;' and when the Highest gives his voice in the heavens, 'hailstones and coals of fire follow.' A divine poet discovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature; 'at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.' When the Holy One alighted upon Mount Sinai, 'his glory covered the heavens: He stood and measured the earth: He beheld, and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered: The perpetual hills did bow; his ways are everlasting.' Then the prophet 'saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.' Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed Spirit which animated these writers forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions; the divine license in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dan-

gerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poesy to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his proposal of criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the Word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of Deism; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert that the doctrines of our faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress? Shall the French poet* fright us, by saying,

De la foi d'un chrétien les mystères terribles
D'ornemens égayés ne sont point susceptibles?

But the French critic † in his reflections upon Eloquence tells us, 'That the majesty of our religion, the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the height of its mysteries, and the importance of every subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style, suited to the theme: sparkling images and magnificent expressions must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture: let the

* Boileau.

† Rapin.

preacher that aims at eloquence, read the prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches and ornaments of speech.' And, in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

..... Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

As in the conduct of my studies with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency ; so if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the prophets night and day. I am sure, the composures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Monsieur Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies ! What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened in those poems. The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion ! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand * that di-

* Philomela.

rected me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain, in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objections, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted.†

It is true, indeed, the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings as beautified, or rather composed, the heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelations seems to be a prophecy, in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the

† Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem, entitled *Alfred*, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance. I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a heathen song: here the very argument would give wonderful aid to the muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expense might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem than a modern play! There is nothing among all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days: the possessor of the palace of Heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; and the sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring: The heaven and the hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe: the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an

harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling incredible tales that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy, as to become sovereign of rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure ; how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terror. The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them ; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description ; nor is there any need of any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs ; though several of these would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt, the secret stings, and racks and scourges of conscience ; the sweet retiring hours, and seraphical joys of devotion ; the victory of a resolved soul over a

thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrors of the two eternal worlds; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty! This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime

subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral Odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyrics; I persuade myself that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from Heaven, and the muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the Rev. Mr. Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm translators: I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following composures, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poesy is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the First Book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of hymns, which have now passed a second impression; but upon the review, I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian: therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Among the songs that are dedicated to divine love, I think I may be bold to assert that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavored to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral that ever

was written? I appeal to Solomon,* in his song, and his father David, in Psalm xlv. if David was the author: and I am well assured that I have never indulged an equal license: it was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly, in so nice an affair.

The 'Poems sacred to Virtue,' &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul were just suited to the subject of my verse: the image of my heart is painted in them: and if they meet with a reader whose soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish for oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eter-

* Solomon's Song was much more in use among preachers and writers of divinity when these Poems were written than it is now.

nity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculties with surprise, delight, and devotion at once ; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Among the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptible of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning. Some are best frightened from sin and ruin by terror, threatening, and amazement ; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work : others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity and polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures ; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling muses are not hard to be obtained ; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly smile, may be successfully employed. Could I persuade

any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of love ; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence to our softest affections ; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation.

Are not the cxxviith and the cxxviiiith Psalms indited on this very subject? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poesy be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavored to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear, that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls in that

state will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed-up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense, and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless!

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski, of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but rise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. There are a few copies wherein I have borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius now and then to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: the riches and glories of his verse make atonement in abundance. I wish some English pen would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

The inscriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the Lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the softer

method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not easily be overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a shadow of this practice in the divine Psalmist, while he ascribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyric odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the 'Poems of Heroic Measure,' I have attempted in rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma, and period, which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification, when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace, and with the same pauses. It spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the 'Essays without Rhyme,' I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern: though he shall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and serenity of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vast reverence with which I read his *Paradise Lost*, cannot persuade me to be charmed with

every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, runs me out of breath. Some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the grandeur of a poem; nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought, in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's tales, or running back so far as to the days of Colin the shepherd, and the reign of the Faery Queen. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish, even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that was pleased, even to astonishment, with obsolete words and figures:

Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferaï.

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness: so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindarics, I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive length to which

some modern writers have stretched their sentences, especially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge ; nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him choose such topics to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none : though I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless, and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces ; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the greatest satisfac-

tions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptations of making or mending poems again.* So that my friends may be perfectly secure against this impression growing waste upon their hands, and useless, as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poesy can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little, and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing the Psalms of David, in Christian language, which I have now promised the world.†

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy pleases me. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or a moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of heaven, or of the muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould: And as the name

* *Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.* Hor. Will this short note of Horace, excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome?

† In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

Vates belong to both, so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

. . . . Cui mens divini^{or}, atque os
Magna sonaturum

But what Juvenal spake in his age, abides true in ours: A complete poet or prophet is such a one:

. . . Qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth, till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the beast and his image, when the natives of heaven shall join in concert with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps, ‘Salvation, honour, and glory, to Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever.’

May 14, 1709.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

WORSHIPPING WITH FEAR.

WHO dares attempt the eternal name,
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

Destruction waits to obey his frown,
And Heaven attends his smile:
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

Celestial King! our spirits lie,
Trembling, beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

2

When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendours of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majesty,
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labors hard on all his strings
To reach thy thoughts in vain.

Created powers, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou the eternal All.

ASKING LEAVE TO SING.

YET, mighty God indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
Whilst the young notes and venturous song
To worlds of glory soar.

If thou my daring flight forbid,
The muse folds up her wings ;
Or at thy word her slender reed
Attempts almighty things.

Her slender reed, inspired by thee,
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on every tree,
And spreads a heaven below.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,
Filled with thy dreadful breath :
And calls the angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.

But when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

Not from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies :
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if the eternal King
Look thro' the clouds and bless me with his eyes !
Creatures, with all their boasted sway,
Are but his slaves and must obey ;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.

'Tis by a warrant from his hand,
The gentler gales are bound to sleep :
The north wind blusters and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep ;
Old Boreas with his freezing powers,
Turns the earth iron, makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores ;
The grazing ox lows to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and
dies.

Fly to the polar world my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there (a wretched throng !)

Seized and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.

Atheist, forbear ; no more blaspheme :
God has a thousand terrors in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath ;
His sharp artillery from the north
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal frame.

Sublime on winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings ;
And flocks, and herds, and nations die ;
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale ; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought, and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food we cry,
And pant for vital breath ;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The sun has drunk the channels dry,

And all the air is death.

Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the fields and honours of the woods :
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves ;
Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our
graves ;
While you dispense your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud
alarms,
When guilt, with louder cries, provokes a God to
arms.

O for a message from above
To bear my spirits up !
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrors and support my hope !
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine :
While thou art Sovereign, I'm secure :
I shall be rich till thou art poor ;
For all I fear, and all I wish, heaven, earth and
hell are thine.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HAST thou not seen, impatient boy ?

Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy ?

‘Pleasure must be dash’d with pain :’

And yet, with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere ;
(Earth has no unpolluted spring)
From the curs’d soil some dangerous taint they
bear ;

So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a heaven below the sky ;

The world has false, but flattering, charms :
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye ;
In our embrace the visions die,
And when we grasp the airy forms,
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape, rudely drawn,

With glaring colors, and false light ;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon ;
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd, the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant toward the eternal hills ;
Those heavens are fairer than they seem ;
'There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No curs'd soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

FELICITY ABOVE.

No, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss ;
For bliss can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heavenly ground.

There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this dusty clod ;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

'Tis heaven on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace ;
And all the heaven I hope above
Is but to see his face.

Why move my years in slow delay ?
O God of ages ! why ?
Let all the spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky.

Dear Sovereign, break these vital strings
That bind me to my clay ;
Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
And stretch and soar away.

GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod :
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree :
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

The almighty Voice bid ancient Night
Her endless realms resign,
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

Now wisdom, with superior sway,
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep reverence to his name.

He spake: the sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day;
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by the eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarchs down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In thy fair book of life and grace
May I but find my name,
Recorded in some humble place
Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

SELF CONSECRATION.

It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And wasted half my days ;
My inward powers shall burn and flame,

With zeal and passion for thy name,
I would not speak, but for my God, nor move, but
to his praise.

What are my eyes but aids to see
The glories of the Deity,
Inscrib'd with beams of light
On flowers and stars? Lord, I behold
The shining azure, green and gold;
But when I try to read thy name, a dimness veils
my sight.

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains, or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in;
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed awake my joys,
And yet my heart so stupid lie, when sacred
hymns begin?

Change me, O God; my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire:
My tongue shall keep the heavenly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise
conspire.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part,

With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious string, or show my
zeal in death.

THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

GOD is a name my soul adores,
The Almighty Three, the Eternal One ;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite Unknown.

From thy great Self thy being springs ;
Thou art thy own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And self-sufficiency bears them all.

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine ;
But nothing like thyself appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.

Still restless nature dies and grows ;
From change to change the creatures run :
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

A glance of thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright world, and moves their frame
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes ;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms ;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace,
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face?

Who can behold the blazing light ;
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might ;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

“ SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
“ And send your fears away ;
“ News from the region of the skies,
“ Salvation's born to day.

“Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
“ Comes down to dwell with you ;
“ To-day he makes his entrance here,
“ But not as monarchs do.

“ No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,
“ Nor royal shining things ;
“ A manger for his cradle stands,
“ And holds the King of kings.

“ Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
“ And see his humble throne ;
“ With tears of joy in all your eyes,
“ Go, shepherds, kiss the Son.”

Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around,
The heavenly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :

“ Glory to God, that reigns above,
“ Let peace surround the earth ;
“ Mortals shall know their Maker’s love,
“ At their Redeemer’s birth.”

Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise !

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

GOD GLORIOUS, AND SINNERS SAVED.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms ;

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe :
We love and we adore ;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones ;
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross !
The triumph of his groans !

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart
And love command my tongue.

THE HUMBLE ENQUIRY.

A FRENCH SONNET IMITATED. 1695.

"Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens." &c.

GRACE rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
How few the sparks of wrath! how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

But me, vile wretch! should pitying love embrace
Deep in its ocean, hell itself would blaze,
And flash and burn me thro' the boundless seas.

Yea, Lord, my guilt to such a vastness grown
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

Thine honour bids, "Avenge thy injur'd name,"
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.

Should heaven grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
But own thy justice, dying, and adore.

Yet can those bolts of death that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
Tinged in the vital stream of my Redeemer's blood?

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

HENCE from my soul, my sins, depart,
Your fatal friendship now I see ;
Long have you dwelt too near my heart,
Hence, to eternal distance flee.

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound,
Yet I caressed your viperous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapped you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And crushing hard my tortured soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of grace !
The bloody Jews were traitors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
" Father, they know not what they do."

Great Advocate, look down and see
A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed ;
O plead the same excuse for me !
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

Peace, my complaints; let every groan
Be still, and silence wait his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And through his inmost bowels move.

Lo, from the everlasting skies,
Gently, as morning-dews distil,
The dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress!
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my powers adore the grace.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR THREE GREAT SALVATIONS.

VIZ.

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gunpowder Plot, Nov. 5, 1605.
3. From Popery and Slavery, by King William, of glorious memory, who landed Nov. 5, 1688.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole heaven of angels praise ;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles ;
“ There,” said the Lord, “ to ages stand,
“ Firm as the everlasting hills.”

In vain the Spanish ocean roared ;
Its billows swelled against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

“ Come, said the sons of bloody Rome,
Let us provide new arms from hell : ”
And down they digg'd thro' earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal, and sulphurous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

Beneath the Senate and the throne,
Engines of hellish thunder lay ;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright but dismal day.

Thy love beheld the black design,
Thy love that guards our island round ;
Strange ! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

THE SECOND PART.

ASSUME, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord ;
The foes revive their powers again,
Again they die beneath his sword.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murderers of an Irish soul
Ran, threatening death, through every town.

The Roman priest, and British prince,
Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd the service of their arms.

“ 'Tis done,” they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
The courts of darkness rang with joy,
The old Serpent hiss'd, and hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

But lo, the great Deliverer sails,
Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
And smiling seas, and wishing gales
Convey him to the longing land.

The happy day,¹ and happy year,
Both in our new salvation meet :
The day² that quench'd the burning snare,
The year that burnt the invading fleet.

Now did thine arm, O God of Hosts,
Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright,
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne.
There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the Earth shall know
And learn the worship of the sky ;
Angels and Britons join below,
To raise their hallelujahs high.

All hallelujah, heavenly King ;
While distant lands thy victory sing,
And tongues their utmost powers employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

¹ Nov. 5, 1688.

² Nov. 5, 1588.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

FAR in the heavens my God retires,
My God, the mark of my desires,
 And hides his lovely face ;
When he descends within my view,
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in the unequal
 chase.

Or if I reach unusual height
 Till near his presence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit.
 And all untune my thought ;
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines ;
Infinite rays in crossing lines
Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm
 my soul.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
 And help me reach the throne ;
(What single strength, in vain designs,
 United force hath done ;

Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the sea)
But the whole race of creature-souls
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge
and are lost in thee.

Great God! behold my reason lies
Adoring; yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own;
Faith shall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackless seas of light,
To thee, the eternal Fair, the infinite Unknown.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

My thoughts that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where nature in all ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, death.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now !
How loathsome to the eyes !
These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left his dying clay ?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.

O that unfathomable sea !
Those deeps without a shore !
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea ;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcass thoughtless lies,
Among the silent graves.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear,
On our dry bones, and say,
“ These once were strong, as mine appear,
“ And mine must be as they.”

Thus shall our mouldering members teach
What now our senses learn :
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS.

OFT have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frightened eyes,
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain ;
Diseases bring their profit too ;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings ;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies,
Her fair inheritance, in light,
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a prisoner here.

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws :
Visions of endless bliss are seen,
And native air she draws.

O may these walls stand tottering still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose !

Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till glad to see the enlarged way,
I stretch my pinions through.

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

PSALM CXLVIII. PARAPHRASED.

PRAISE ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye powers that guard his throne ;
Jesus the man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

Gabriel, and all the immortal choir
That fill the realms above ;
Sing: for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

Blush and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names :
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall hear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue ;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore :

While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their maker God,
And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky ;
While grovelling beasts attempt his praise,
In hoarser harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound,
Echo the glories of your king,
Through all the nations round.

The eternal name must fly abroad,
From Britain to Japan ;
And the whole race shall bow to God
That owns the name of man.

THE ATHEIST'S MISTAKE.

LAUGH, ye profane, and swell and burst
With bold impiety ;
Yet shall ye live for ever curs'd,
And seek in vain to die.

The gasp of your expiring breath
 Consigns your soul to chains,
By the last agonies of death,
 Sent down to fiercer pains.

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
 And all beneath is hell ;
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
 Where the old serpent fell.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
 With strange surprise, you 'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
 And tortures wake the mind !

Then you 'll confess the frightful names
 Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
 Like foolish tales no more.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
 (With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchang'd your souls away
 For vanity and songs.

Behold the saints rejoice to die,
 For heav'n shines round their heads ;
And angel-guards, prepar'd to fly,
 Attend their fainting beds.

Their longing spirits part, and rise
To their celestial seat ;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

Hence, ye profane, I hate your ways,
I walk with pious souls ;
There's a wide difference in our race,
And distant are our goals.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

ARM thee with thunder, heav'nly Muse,
And keep the expecting world in awe ;
Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God ;
Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
And sound his dreadful law ;
To Israel first the words were spoke,
To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke,
Inhuman bondage ! The hard galling load,
Overpress'd their feeble souls,
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

Now had they pass'd the Arabian Bay,
And march'd between the cleaving sea ;
The rising waves stood guardians of their wond'rous
way.

But fell with the most impetuous force
On the pursuing swarms,
And bury'd Egypt, all in arms,
Blending, in watry death, the rider and the horse ;
O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore ! in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beside—
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he died.

Ah ! foolish Israel, to comply
With Memphian idolatry !
And bow to brutes (a stupid slave,)
To idols impotent to save !
Behold thy God, the Sov'reign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high ;
His grace forgives thy follies past ;
Behold he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law :
Prepare to meet thy God in haste ;
But keep an awful distance still,
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

Hark ! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near ;
Slow and unwilling they appear,

Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear :
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same,
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of nature stand,
And Heaven's eternal will proclaim,
That "Time shall be no more."

Thus, while the lab'ring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose the Almighty : round his sapphire seat,
Adoring thrones in order fell ;
The lesser powers at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at his feet :
Gabriel the Great prepares his way,
"Lift up you heads, eternal doors," he cries :
The eternal doors his word obey,
Open, and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.
Heaven's mighty pillars bow'd their heads,
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud ;
The wheels beset with burning gems ;
The winds in harness with the flames,
Flew o'er the ethereal road :
Down thro' his magazines he past
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow,

Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
Did hail, and ice, and melted rivers flow.

The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,

His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And scatter'd dreadful light ;

He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream :
He spoke, and, tho' with unknown speed he came,
Chid the slow tempest and the lagging flame.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight,
With axle red, and glowing wheel
Did the winged chariot light,
And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.

Lo, it mounts in curling waves,

Lo, the gloomy pride outbraves

The stately pyramids of fire :

The pyramids to heaven aspire,
And mix with stars, but see their gloomy offspring
higher.

So have you seen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that sixscore years has stood,
And proudly shoot a leaf or two
Above its kind supporter's utmost bough,
And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.

Forbear, young muse, forbear ;

The flow'ry things that poets say,

The little arts of simile

Are vain and useless here ;

Nor shall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard ;
Ætna shall be nam'd no more,
Ætna, the torch of Sicily ;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half so loud her thunders roar
'Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright the Italian shore.
Behold the sacred hill : its trembling spire
Quakes at the terrors of the fire,
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under the Almighty weight :
Press'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load.
Deep groan'd the mount ; it never bore
Infinity before,
It bow'd and shook beneath the burden of a God.

Fresh horrors seize the camp ; despair,
And dying groans torment the air,
And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there :
The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze
Spread thro' the host a wild amaze ;
Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face :
Confus'd and dismal were the cries,
" Let Moses speak, or Israel dies : "
Moses the spreading terror feels,
No more the man of God conceals
His shivering and surprise ;

Yet, with recovering mind, commands
Silence, and deep attention, through the Hebrew
“bands.

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
Majestic sounds break through the smoky cloud:
Sent from the All-creating tongue,
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

“I am the Lord: 'tis I proclaim
“That glorious and that fearful name,
“Thy God and King: 'twas I that broke
“Thy bondage, and the Egyptian yoke:
“Mine is the right to speak my will,
“And thine the duty to fulfil.
“Adore no God beside me, to provoke mine eyes:
“Nor worship me in shapes and forms that men
“devise;
“With reverence use my name, nor turn my words
“to jest;
“Observe my sabbath well, nor dare profane my
“rest:
“Honour and due obedience to thy parents give;
“Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live:
“Preserve thy body chaste, and flee the unlawful
“bed:
“Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or
“his bread

“Forbear to blast his name with falsehood or
“deceit,
“Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate.”

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR, &c.

ECCLES. XII.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

The memory of his mighty name,
Demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have lov'd the Lord.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decays.

No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue,
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never spares.

What will ye do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the superior skies ?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tottering weight ?

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the prisoner hence ?

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall ;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

Laden with guilt (a heavy load !)
Uncleans'd, and unforgiven,
The soul returns to an angry God,
To be shut out from heaven.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE
THE LORD.

FAIREST of all the lights above,
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years ;

Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays ;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise.

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose gentle beams, and borrow'd light,
Are softer rivals of the noon ;

Arise, and to that Sovereign Power,
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone ;

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd thro' all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou heaven of heavens, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine.

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

O God of glory, God of love,
Thou art the sun that makes our days ;
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

LORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death ;

How could we e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place,
For when grim Death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears,
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

Oh! if my threatening sins were gone,
And Death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amidst those heavenly charms.

Joyful, I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

SINCERE PRAISE.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame !

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways to express
Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high,
Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design ;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very songs I frame,
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above ;
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend,
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

TRUE LEARNING.

PARTLY IMITATED FROM A FRENCH SONNET OF
M. POIRET.

HAPPY the feet that shining Truth has led
With her own hand to tread the path she please,
To see her native lustre round her spread,
Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is.

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind :
The truth they show lies wrapt in sev'nfold shrouds,
Our senses cast a thousand clouds
On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly
blind.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought ;
What empty triflings, and what subtile ways
To fence and guard by rule and rote !
Our God will never charge us, that we knew
them not.

Touch, heavenly Word, O touch these curious
souls ;

Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the schools

(That pageantry of knowing fools)

I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.

'Twas this almighty Word that all things made,

He grasps whole nature in his single hand ;

All the eternal truths in him are laid,

The ground of all things, and their head,

The circle where they move, and centre where
they stand.

Without his aid, I have no sure defence,

From troops of errors that besiege me round ;

But he that rests his reason and his sense

Fast here, and never wanders hence,

Unmovable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

Infinite Truth, the life of my desires,

Come from the sky, and join thyself to me ;

I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires ;

But never tir'd of telling thee,

'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

Speak to my soul, alone, no other hand

Shall mark my path out with delusive art :

All nature silent in his presence stand ;

Creatures be dumb at his command,

And leave his single voice to whisper to my heart,

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show :
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire,
 My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

The Lord grows lavish of his heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this :
Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
 She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

TRUE WISDOM.

PRONOUNCE him blest, my muse, whom wisdom
 guides

In her own path to her own heavenly seat ;
Through all the storms his soul securely glides,
 Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,
That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast.
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye,
 He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

Our headstrong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
Start, and flee raging in a violent course ;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides
 them,
 Checks their career, and turns and guides
 them,
And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
While he looks down and pities human faults ;
 Nor can he think, nor can he find,
A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

But oh ! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquish self is a laborious art ;
What manly courage to sustain the fight,
 To bear the noble pain, and part
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the
 heart !

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
 That clings so close about our minds,
And where the enchanted soul so sweet a poison
 finds.

Hard ; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray

Melt off my lusts, my fetters : I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings ;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires :
I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things ;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the earth, my heart is upward flown ;
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was mine ;
Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own,
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my
soul confine.

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love ;
He, that dear God, shall fill my vast desire,
My flesh below ; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move ;
There all my soul shall centre, all my powers
conspire.

Thus I with angels live ; thus, half-divine,
I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys :
Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great design,
That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

A SONG TO CREATING WISDOM.

PART I.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace, rings.

Place me on the bright wings of day
To travel with the sun;
With what amaze shall I survey
The wonders thou hast done!

Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold?
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

PART II.

DOWNWARD I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast :
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around :
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

PART III.

Now to the earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the British isles along ;
Blest isles, confess your God.

How did his wondrous skill array
Your fields in charming green ;
A thousand herbs his art display,
A thousand flowers between !

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Those luxuries of sense.

The bleating flocks his pasture feeds :
And herds, of larger size,
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand supplies.

PART IV.

WE see the Thames caress the shores,
He guides her silver flood ;
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet hears her Ruler God.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command ;
His breath can raise the billows steep
Or sink them to the sand.

Amidst thy watery kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
Rush through the northern sea.

PART V.

THY glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

LORD, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air and earth, and stars and seas,
I call them all thy slaves ;
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill ;
Vernal suns, or zephyrs' breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves !

What can winds or planets boast

But a precarious power ?

The sun is all in darkness lost,

Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,

When he appoints the hour.

Lo ! the Norwegians, near the polar sky,

Chafe their frozen limbs with snow ;

Their frozen limbs awake and glow,

The vital flame, touch'd with a strange supply,

Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh :

He bids the vital blood in wonted circles flow.

Cold steel, expos'd to northern air,

Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight Bear,

And burns the unwary stranger there.

Inquire, my soul, of ancient fame,

Look back two thousand years, and see

The Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,

For boasting to be absolute :

Once to his court the God of Israel came,

A king more absolute than he.

I see the furnace blaze with rage

Sevenfold : I see amidst the flame

Three Hebrews of immortal name :

They move, they walk across the burning stage

Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant stood

A statue ; Fear congeal'd his blood :

Nor did the raging element dare

Attempt their garments or their hair ;

It knew the Lord of nature there.

Nature, compell'd by a superior cause,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,
Now seems to break them, and obeys
Her sovereign King in different ways.
Father, how bright thy glories shine !
How broad thy kingdom, how divine !
Nature, and miracle, and fate, and chance, are thine.
Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity :
No more my lips shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies :
Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.
What is the sun, or what the shade,
Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save ?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead ;
And as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

CONDESCENDING GRACE.

IN IMITATION OF PSALM CXIV.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings ;

Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A sultan or a czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
Or frowns 'em from afar :

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

Why should the Lord, that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings ?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things ?

Mortals, be dumb ; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will ;
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign, and all free ;
Great God ! how searchless are thy ways !
How deep thy judgments be !

THE INFINITE.

SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be !
Great Everlasting One !
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
And wond'rous large thy grace ;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds ;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds ;

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole,
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundless unconceivables,
And vast eternity.

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

ALAS, my aching heart !
Here the keen torment lies ;
It racks my waking hours with smart,
And frights my slumb'ring eyes.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace,
The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
Flush crimson in my face.

My sorrows, like a flood,
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudest cries !

He offers all his grace,
And all his heaven to me ;
Offers ! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

Jesus, the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shows the prints of love.

But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood !

The heavenly Dove came down,
And tender'd me his wings
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immortal things.

Lord, I'm asham'd to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own realms of love.

Not all thine heavenly charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

Lord, 'tis against thy face
My sins like arrows rise,
And yet, and yet (O matchless grace!)
Thy thunder silent lies.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I of such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

Now for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face!
This rebel heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie ;
And throw my soul, my flesh, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

“Rise,” says the Prince of mercy, “rise !”
With joy and pity in his eyes :
“Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
“Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

“See my great Father reconcil’d :”
He said: and lo, the Father smil’d;
The joyful cherubs clapp’d their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN
AND BABES, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII. 12.

Sons of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whose veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And wields your active limbs, with hardy sinews
strung;
Fall prostrate at the eternal throne,
Whence your precarious powers depend;
Nor swell as if your lives were all your own,
But choose your Maker for your friend;
His favour is your life, his arm is your support,
His hand can stretch your days, or cut your minutes
short.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
 And shoot delicious danger thence ;
 Swift the lovely lightning flies,
 And melts our reason down to sense ;
 Boast not of those withering charms
 That must yield their youthful grace
 To age and wrinkles, earth and worms ;
 But love the Author of your smiling face ;
 That heavenly Bridegroom claims your blooming
 hours :
 O make it your perpetual care
 To please that Everlasting Fair ;
 His beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours.

Infants whose different destinies
 Are wove with threads of different size ;
 But from the same spring-tide of tears,
 Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
 (A tedious train !) and date your following years :
 Break your first silence in his praise
 Who wrought your wondrous frame :
 With sounds of tenderest accent raise
 Your honours to his name ;
 And consecrate your early days
 To know the Power Supreme.

Ye heads of venerable age,
 Just marching off the mortal stage,
 Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
 As long as e'er the glass of life would run,

Adore the hand that led your way
Through flowery fields, a fair long summer's day ;
Gasp out your soul in praises to the sovereign
power
That set your west so distant from your dawning
hour.

FLYING FOWL, AND CREEPING THINGS
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII. 10.

SWEET flocks, whose soft enamell'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the sky ;
Whose charming notes address the spring
With an artless harmony.
Lovely minstrels of the field,
Who in leafy shadows sit,
And your wondrous structures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light :
To Nature's God your first devotions pay,
Ere you salute the rising day,
'Tis he calls up the sun, and gives him every ray.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining back

Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thousand mingling colours make ;
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire :
In harmless play twist and unfold
The volumes of your scaly gold :
That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

Insects and mites, of mean degree,
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by Wisdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various dye ;
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears the ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty counsels down
To despicable worms.

THE COMPARISON AND COMPLAINT.

INFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand !
All nature rose to obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way ;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But ah ! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God !
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,
Perform thine awful will,
And every beast and every tree,
Thy great designs fulfil :

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey ;
And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all thy dues to thee ;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me ?

Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand ;
Here all my powers I bring ;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove ;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

Then not the sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter through the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

GOD SUPREME AND SELF-SUFFICIENT.

WHAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall !
They are too dark, and he too bright,
Nothing are they, and God is all.

He spoke the wondrous word, and, lo!
Creation rose at his command :
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop :
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon :
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal noon.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise ;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

JESUS THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead :
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the skies ;
“ Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
“ Say, what expedient can you give,
“ That sin be damn’d, and sinners live ?

“ Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
“ The weighty vengeance of a God ?
“ Which of you loves our wretched race,
“ Or dares to venture in our place ? ”

In vain we ask : for all around
Stands silence through the heavenly ground :
There’s not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

But, O unutterable grace !
The eternal Son takes Adam’s place :
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

Justice was pleas’d to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood ;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore !
Then rose : The law could ask no more.

Amazing work ! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

See, how they bend ! See, how they look !
Long they had read the eternal book,
And studied dark decrees in vain,
The cross and Calvary makes them plain.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face ;
Now clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
“ The wisdom of a Deity ! ”

Lo ! they adore the Incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won ;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd :
And say, dear Conqueror, say, how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well distinguish'd ray ;
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love ;
Raise me beyond the ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

LOOKING UPWARD.

THE heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round ;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grovelling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly ;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high,

Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls ;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you ;
Heaven is my native air :
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers releas'd
From their old fleshly clod ;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,
And set me near my God.

CHRIST DYING, RISING, AND REIGNING.

HE dies ! the heavenly lover dies !
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings : deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
On the dear bosom of your God,
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But, lo ! what sudden joys I see !
Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions, guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, death, in chains.

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
Then ask the monster, "Where's his sting ?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

O the immense, the amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod !

He speaks ; and lo, all nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow ;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below,
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
And send our loud hosannas through.

Celestial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play;
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

AN ODE. ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH SAPPIC.

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd, and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em !

Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish, [lies
Stare though their eyelids, while the living worm
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
strings,
And the smart twinges when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit, wide yawning,
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy : (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits Godlike ! and the saints around him,
Thron'd, yet adoring !

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

EARTH has detain'd me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes.
Upward (my Father) to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

There the dear Man, my Saviour, sits,
The God, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs,
Jesus, my love, they sing,
Jesus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son.

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring the eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the Man !
(The God resides within)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wondrous things he said !
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here awhile,
And tell what Jesus did.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays ;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye ;
He spoke, and at the sovereign sound
The hellish legions fly.

Thus while, with unambitious strife,
The ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise ;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath ;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And show their rising Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conquering God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The victories he has won.

Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise :
Oh ! for some heavenly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies !

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,
There I would fain have place,
Amongst your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND SEA, PRAISE
YE THE LORD.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our God,
Who reigns on high ; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life and food ;
Our house, our parent, and our nurse ;
 Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
 Drest with strong and gay machines,
 Hung with golden lamps around,
 (And flowery carpets spread the ground)
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space !
While thy unwieldy weight rests on the feeble air,
Bless that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds
 thee there.

Fire, thou swift herald of his face,
Whose glorious rage, at his command,
Levels a palace with the sand,
Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base :
 Ye heavenly flames, that singe the air,
 Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright arrows that his sounding quivers bear
 To scatter deaths abroad ;

Lightnings, adore the sovereign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of
kings.

Thou vital element, the air,
Whose boundless magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And save the bubble, man, from the cold arms of
death.

And ye whose vital moisture yields
Life's purple stream a fresh supply ;
Sweet waters, wand'ring through the flowery fields,
Or dropping from the sky ;
Confess the Power whose all-sufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build, or to support our
frame.

Now the rude air, with noisy force,
Beats up and swells the angry sea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And sweep the sailors' hopes away,
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores !
Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
Gape hideous in a thousand graves :
Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of sand,
Ye storms, adore your Master's hand :
The winds are in his fist, the waves at his command.

From the eternal emptiness
His fruitful word, by secret springs,

Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe :
Old Nothing knew his powerful hand,
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, air, and earth, and sea heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous
all :

And still they dance, and still obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation day.

THE FAREWELL.

DEAD be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares ;
To sensual bliss that charms us so,
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize :
Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care ;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare ?

Be gone for ever, mortal things !
Then mighty molehill, earth, farewell !
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sovereign good :
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

GOD ONLY KNOWN TO HIMSELF.

STAND, and adore ! how glorious he
That dwells in bright eternity !
We gaze, and we confound our sight
Plung'd in the abyss of dazzling light.

Thus sacred One, almighty Three,
Great everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name ?

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the great Unknown :
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
To notes untry'd, and boundless things.

You whose capacious powers survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay :
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought, by you !

How flat your highest praises fall
Below the immense Original !
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain !

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise ;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION.

My crimes awake ; and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind,
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And hell pursues behind.

Almighty vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne ;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.

Where shall I hide this noxious head ;
Can rocks or mountains save ?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave ?

Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God ?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy blood.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
And wash away my sin ;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

I bless that wondrous purple stream
That whitens every stain :
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath,
That cursed throne must fall ;
Ye flattering plagues, that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE.

THE Lord ! how fearful is his name !
How wide is his command !
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe :
Whilst with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

A word of his Almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas ;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, as he please.

Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms,
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

His bowels, to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move ;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will,
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his favourites still.

No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sovereign Love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

"CURST be the man, for ever curst,
"That doth one wilful sin commit;
"Death and damnation for the first,
"Without relief, and infinite."

Thus Sinai roars; and round the earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things.

"Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
"Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
"And life, and joys, and crowns above,
"Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God."

Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) "Forgive!"
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father let the rebels live."

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there,
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross ;
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie ;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A REST-
LESS WORLD.

"O Mens, quæ stabili fata Regis vice," &c.
Casimire, Book III. Od. 28.

ETERNAL Mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms, and rising states,
With one unchang'd decree,
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to thee?

Thou scatterest honours, crowns and gold ;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold
The bubbles and the ore :
So emmets struggle for a grain ;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
The next a broken sceptre takes,
And warriors win and lose ;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

Earth's but an atom : Greedy swords
Carve it among a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree :
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor ; but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

HAPPY FRAILTY.

“ How meanly dwells the immortal mind !
“ How vile these bodies are !
“ Why was a clod of earth design'd
“ To inclose a heavenly star ?

“Weak cottage, where our souls reside !
“This flesh a tottering wall ;
“With frightful breaches, gaping wide,
“The building bends to fall.

“All round it storms of trouble blow,
“And waves of sorrow roll ;
“Cold waves and winter storms beat through,
“And pain the tenant-soul.

“Alas ! how frail our state !” said I :
And thus went mourning on,
Till, sudden from the cleaving sky,
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath’d her native air ;
Then she remember’d heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

“How weak the prison where I dwell !
“Flesh, but a tottering wall,
“The breaches cheerfully foretell,
“The house must shortly fall.

“ No more, my friends, shall I complain,
“ Though all my heart-strings ache ;
“ Welcome, disease, and every pain,
“ That makes the cottage shake.

“ Now let the tempest blow all round,
“ Now swell the surges high,
“ And beat this house of bondage down,
“ To let the stranger fly.

“ I have a mansion built above,
“ By the Eternal hand ;
“ And should the earth’s old basis move,
“ My heavenly house must stand.

“ Yes, for ’tis there my Saviour reigns,
“ (I long to see the God)
“ And his immortal strength sustains
“ The courts that cost him blood.”

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls :
“ I come, my Lord, my Love :”
Devotion breaks the prison walls,
And speeds my last remove.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt ! adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea :
And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine : the tempest raves :
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves :
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless, when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm : she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore :
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease ;
(Her faith can govern death) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies :
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

How long shall death, the tyrant, reign
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

Let faith arise, and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

Lo, I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide, to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And, lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute the expected day.

They leave the dust, and on the wing,
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments, meet their King,
And low adore him there.

O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them, cloth'd in white!
The meanest place, at his right-hand,
Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies
On love's triumphant wing!

BREATHING TOWARD THE HEAVENLY
COUNTRY.

CASIMIRE, BOOK I. OD. 19, IMITATED.

"Urit me Patriæ Decor," &c.

THE beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires ;
I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the moon her shining way,
And shoots my heart thro' with a silver ray ;
Upward my heart aspires :
A thousand lamps of golden light,
Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
Bright sentinels, who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come ?
Must ye for ever walk the ethereal round ?
For ever see the mourner lie
An exile to the sky,
A pris'ner of the ground ?
Descend, some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb ;

A grassy turf will raise my head ;
 The neighbouring lilies dress my bed,
 And shed a cheap perfume.
 Here I put off the chains of death,
 My soul too long has worn :
 Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
 Or tear to wet my urn ;
 Raphael, behold me, all undress'd,
 Here gently lay this flesh to rest ;
 Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
 Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide ! on pinions of
 my own.

THE
 HUNDRETH EPIGRAM OF CASIMIRE.

ON ST. ARDALIO,

Who, from a Stage-Player, became a Christian, and suffered
 Martyrdom.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his comic strains
 The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
 While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.

Heaven heard, and straight around the smoking
 throne
 The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone
 And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.

Mercy stood near, and, with a smiling brow,
 Calm'd the loud thunder: "There's no need of you ;
 " Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue."

Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
 He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
 And as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks :

" So goes the comedy of life away ;
 " Vain earth, adieu ; Heaven will applaud to-day ;
 " Strike, courteous tyrant ! and conclude the play."

A LATIN EPIGRAM.

When the Protestant church, at Montpelier, was demolished,
 by the French king's order, the Protestants laid the stones
 up in their burying place, wherein a Jesuit made a Latin
 Epigram.

ENGLISHED THUS :

A HUG'NOT church, once at Montpelier built,
 Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt ;
 Too long it stood beneath Heaven's angry frown,
 Worthy, when rising, to be thunder'd down.
 Lewis, at last, the avenger of the skies,
 Commands, and level with the ground it lies :
 The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring come,
 Gather, and heap them on their fathers' tomb.

Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head ;
And tho' beneath the ground their bones are laid,
Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty dead.

THE ANSWER,

BY A FRENCH PROTESTANT. ENGLISHED THUS :

A CHRISTIAN church once at Montpelier stood,
And nobly spoke the builders' zeal for God,
It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon ;
Yet Lewis, the wild tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
(Dear monument !) o'er their dead fathers' bones ;
The stones shall move when the dead fathers rise,
Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
And testify his madness to the avenging skies.

TWO HAPPY RIVALS.

DEVOTION AND THE MUSE.

WILD as the lightning, various as the moon,
Roves my Pindaric song :
Here she glows like burning noon

In fiercest flames, and here she plays
Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas :
Now in a smiling angel's form,
Anon she rides upon the storm,
Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong.
Are my thoughts and wishes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the muse: Lo! she disdains
The links and chains,
Measures and rules of vulgar strains,
And o'er the laws of harmony, a sov'reign queen,
she reigns.

If she roves
By streams or groves,
Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
My passion keeps her still in sight,
My passion holds an equal flight
Thro' love's or nature's wide campaigns.
If with bold attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tottering thrones and nations slain;
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From shore to shore,
My soul sits fast upon her wings,
And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the purple
plain;
Still I attend her as she flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the skies.

But when from the meridian star
Long streaks of glory shine,
And heaven invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, she knows the sign,
The music ascends her heavenly car, [divine.
And climbs the steepy path, and means the throne
Then she leaves my fluttering mind
Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,
Lengths of distance far behind!
Virtue lags, with heavy wheel;
Faith has wings, but cannot rise,
Cannot rise. . . . Swift and high
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint devotion panting lies
Half way the ethereal hill.

Oh! why is piety so weak,
And yet the muse so strong?
When shall these hateful fetters break,
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A spark of heavenly day;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal passion charms my soul astray,
Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
Shine from the sky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.

Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song, and guides the way ;
There love and zeal, divine and bright,
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest muse can follow or obey.

I'm in a dream, and fancy reigns,
She spreads her gay delusive scenes ;
Or is the vision true ?
Behold religion on her throne,
In awful state descending down,
And her dominions, vast and bright, within my
spacious view.

She smiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away ;
I feel mine airy powers loose from the cumbrous
clay,
And with a joyful haste obey
Religion's high command.
What lengths and heights and depths unknown !
Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
And seas, and skies, and stars her own,
In an unmeasur'd sphere !
What heavens of joy, and light serene,
Which nor the rolling sun has seen,
Where nor the roving muse has been,
That greater traveller !

A long farewell to all below,
Farewell to all that sense can show,

To golden scenes, and flowery fields,
To all the worlds that fancy builds,
And all that poets know.
Now the swift transports of the mind
Leave the fluttering muse behind,
A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scattering
down the wind.
Amongst the clouds I lose my breath,
The rapture grows too strong :
The feeble powers that nature gave
Faint, and drop downward to the grave ;
Receive their fall, thou treasurer of death ;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the cross organ, well refin'd,
Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd
mind,
And raise an equal song.

THE HAZARD OF LOVING THE
CREATURES.

The following Poems of this Book are peculiarly dedicated to
Divine Love.¹

WHERE'ER my flattering passions rove,
I find a lurking snare ;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love
Beneath the Eternal Fair.

Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

Nature has soft but powerful bands,
And reason she controls ;
While children, with their little hands,
Hang closest to our souls.

¹ Different ages have their different airs and fashions of writing. It was much more the fashion of the age, when these Poems were written, to treat of divine subjects in the style of Solomon's Song, than it is at this day, which will afford some apology for the writer in his youngest years.

Thoughtless, they act the old serpent's part ;
What tempting things they be !
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee !

Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

Dear Sovereign ! break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free ;
God in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

COME, let me love : or is thy mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice ?
I see the blessed Fair One bend
And stoop to embrace me from the skies !

O ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love !

I was a traitor, doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains ;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Infinite grace ! Almighty charms !
Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies,
Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love and dies.

Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood ?
Was ever rebel courted so
In groans of an expiring God ?

Again he lives ; and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart ;
By these dear wounds, says he ; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

Sure I must love ; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passion move ?
Then let me melt this heart to tears ;
This heart shall yield to death or love.

THE HEART GIVEN AWAY.

If there are passions in my soul,
 (And passions, sure they be)
Now they are all at thy control,
 My Jesus, all for thee !

If love, that pleasing power, can rest
 In hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,
 For all my love is thine.

Let the gay world, with treacherous art,
 Allure my eyes in vain :
I have convey'd away my heart,
 Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmest passions dead
 To all that earth can boast :
This soul of mine was never made
 For vanity and dust.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
 Amidst their flattering charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
 Shall call me to his arms.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celestial hill,
Walks downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

He glides along my mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfil his task, and spreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

SWEET muse, descend, and bless the shade,
And bless the evening grove ;
Business, and noise, and day are fled,
And every care, but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame ;
No Phyllis shall infect the air,
With her unhallow'd name.

Jesus has all my powers possess'd,
My hopes, my fears, my joys :
He, the dear Sovereign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above
Shall flock around my song,
With joy, to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While silence sits on every bough,
And bends the listening woods.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus died for me.

The swains shall wonder, when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That Heaven itself came down, and bled,
To win a mortal's love.

THE FAIREST AND THE ONLY BELOVED.

HONOUR to that diviner ray
That first allur'd my eyes away
From every mortal fair ;

All the gay things that held my sight
Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
And, languishing in doubtful light,
Die at the morning star.

Whatever makes the Godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the creature sweet,
And worthy of my passion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thousand graces ever rise,
And bloom upon his face ;
A thousand arrows from his eyes
Shoot through my heart, with dear surprise,
And guard around the place.

All nature's art shall never cure
The heavenly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauty's power
To make another wound :
Earthly beauties grow and fade ;
Nature heals the wound she made.
But charms so much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart ;
What heaven has join'd shall never part,
And Jesus must be mine.

In vain the envious shades of night,
Or flatteries of the day,
Would veil his image from my sight,

Or tempt my soul away ;
Jesus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets every dream,
And knows not to depart :
The passion reigns
Through all my veins,
And floating round the crimson stream,
Still finds him at my heart.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my love ;
Here I confine my sense ;
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove
Nor stir a thought from thence.
Amidst thy glories and thy grace,
Let all my remnant-minutes pass ;
Grant thou, Everlasting Fair,
Grant my soul a mansion there :
My soul aspires to see thy face
Though life should for the vision pay ;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in the embrace.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God ;
In thee the passions of the mind,
With joys and freedom unconfin'd
Exult, and spread their powers abroad,
Not all the glittering things on high
Can make my heaven, if thou remove ;
I shall be tir'd, and long to die ;
Life is a pain without thy love ;

Who could ever bear to be
Curst with immortality
Among the stars, but far from thee?

MUTUAL LOVE STRONGER THAN
DEATH.

Not the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel,
He brought my guilty soul from hell:
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
From the false world's pernicious charms,
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand,
With cheerful hand,
I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With every fleeting breath ;
And through that heaven of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of death ;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly ;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore, and die.

A SIGHT OF CHRIST.

The substance of the following copy, and many of the lines, were sent me by an esteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

ANGELS of light, your God and King surround,
With noble songs ; in his exalted flesh
He claims your worship ; while his saints on earth
Bless their Redeemer-God with humble tongues,
Angels with lofty honours crown his head ;
We bowing at his feet, by faith, may feel
His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
Broke from his eyelids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise.

My joyful heart, high leaping in my breast,
With transport cried, "This is the Christ of God ;"
Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was lost
in him.

While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance, now deserve or name,
Though with contempt ; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine and presence soon withdrew ;
I sought him whom I love, but found him not ;
I felt his absence ; and with strongest cries
Proclaim'd, "Where Jesus is not all is vain."
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or seek him, panting with extreme desire,
'Tis he alone can please my wondering soul ;
To hold or seek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord
Through his blue pavement, I behold him still,
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there.
This sight I ne'er can lose ; by it I live :
A quick'ning virtue from his death inspir'd
Is life and breath to me ; his flesh my food ;
His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breast; my vigorous mind
Spurs the dull earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
Counsels of peace betwixt the Almighty Three,
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without debate,
In perfect union of the eternal Mind.
With vast amaze, I see the unfathomed thoughts,
Infinite schemes, and infinite designs
Of God's own heart, in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the beginning and the end of all
I can discover; Christ the end of all,
And Christ the great beginning; he, my head,
My God, my Glory, and my all in all.

O that the day, the joyful day, were come,
When the first Adam from his ancient dust
Crown'd with new honours shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord; while shouting saints
Surround their King, and God's eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself; then the mysterious word,
Long hid behind the letter, shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
Stand forth to public view; and there disclose
His Father's sacred works, and wondrous ways:
Then wisdom, righteousness and grace divine,
Through all the infinite transactions past,
Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze

Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death and the tempter, and the man of sin
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment cast,
Shall vex the saints no more ; but perfect love
And loudest praises perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the blissful
state.

LOVE ON A CROSS, AND A THRONE.

Now let my faith grow strong, and rise,
And view my Lord in all his love ;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

See where he languish'd on the cross ;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and died ;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his almighty Father's side.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

Or if I climb the eternal hills
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthroned,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I banish every foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stamp'd as a seal upon my heart.

A PREPARATORY THOUGHT FOR THE
LORD'S SUPPER.

AN IMITATION OF ISAIAH, LXIII. 1, 2, 3.

WHAT heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes!

The Lord ! the Saviour ! yes, 'tis he ;
I know him by the smiles he wears ;
Dear glorious Man, that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears !

Lo, he reveals his shining breast ;
I own those wounds, and I adore :
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore !

Whence flow these favours so divine !
Lord ! why so lavish of thy blood ?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly flesh, this sacred food ?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree ;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love ;
Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord :
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet hosannas crown the board.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST.

I'M tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries made to fellow-worms :
 Their conversation cloy ;
 Their vain amours, and empty stuff :
 But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all
 my joys.

When he begins to tell his love,
Through ev'ry vein my passions move,
 The captives of his tongue :
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound,
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the
 darkness long.

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
 He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare
 it all for me.

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears :
Yet, with the sympathetic smart,
There's a strange joy beats round my heart ;
The cursed tree has blessings in 't, my sweetest
balm it bears.

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell,
How on his cross he vanquish'd hell,
And all the powers beneath ;
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song :
“ How has the serpent lost his sting, and where's
thy victory, death ? ”

But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire :
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast,
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more
intense desire.

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrow there,
And tell him all my pains :
Thus while I ease my burden'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part,
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping
head sustains.

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love :
My soul disdains that little snare
The tangles of Amira's hair :
Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can
my heart remove.

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE FAINTING.

SOL. SONG, I. 3; II. 5; VI. 5.

TELL me, fairest of thy kind,
Tell me, Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve such cares as mine :
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove ;
If burning noon infect the sky,
The sickening sheep to covert fly,
The sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my breast,
Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest :
Why should I appear like one
Wild and wandering all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown ?

O my Great Redeemer, say,
Shall I turn my feet astray !
Will Jesus bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another love ?

Ne'er had I known his dearest name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-strings first began the tender
sound :

Nor can I bear the thought, that he
Should leave the sky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me,
Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

His eyes are glory mixed with grace ;
In his delightful awful face
Sit majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills :
His absence is perpetual smart,
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head ?
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
To endure the ecstasy ;
Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.

None knows the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward powers sustain
But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the
God again.

Oh why should beauty, heavenly bright,
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight
And torture with the sweet excess of light?
Our hearts, alas, how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break,
Oh, why is love so strong, and nature's self so
weak?

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Amongst the happy tenants of the skies,
They can sustain a vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense, the glories overcome me.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,
And love me still
Against my froward will:
Unveil thy beauties though I faint.
Send the great herald from the sky,
And at the trumpet's awful roar
This feeble state of things shall fly,
And pain and pleasure mix no more:
Then shall I gaze, with strengthen'd sight,
On glories infinitely bright,
My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

LOVE TO CHRIST, PRESENT OR ABSENT

Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest ;
Love, the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel ;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove ;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

He speaks, and straight immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart ;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots through every part.

If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind ;
Here in this breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of his absence I complain,
And long, and weep, as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchman of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

Jesus, my God ; yet rather come ;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face ;
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

THE ABSENCE OF CHRIST.

COME, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves ;
Tall shadows were for lovers made ;
And grief becomes the groves.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enslav'd mine eyes ;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

Jesus, the spring of all that's bright,
The Everlasting Fair,
Heaven's ornament, and heaven's delight,
Is my eternal care.

But, ah ! how far above this grove
Does the bright Charmer dwell ?
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain, I feel.

Pensive, I climb the sacred hills,
And near him vent my woes ;
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the echo in her cell
That best repeats his name.

My passion breathes perpetual sighs,
Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound his ear.

DESIRING HIS DESCENT TO EARTH.

JESUS, I love. Come, dearest name,
Come and possess this heart of mine ;
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

O ! if my Lord would leave the skies,
Dress'd in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes
To meet the pleasures of his face.

How would I feast on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine !
Worship and love, in all their forms,
Should honour beauty so divine.

In vain the tempter's flattering tongue,
The world in vain should bid me move,
In vain ; for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

Then, mighty God, I'd sing and say,
" What empty names are crowns and kings !
" Amongst 'em give these worlds away,
" These little despicable things."

I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode,
I have a heaven as bright and high
In the bless'd vision of my God.

ASCENDING TO HIM IN HEAVEN.

'Tis pure delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name,
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let guilt and death remove,
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death must yield to love.

THE
PRESENCE OF GOD WORTH DYING FOR:
OR, THE DEATH OF MOSES.

LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy holy face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows ; and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue ;
Moses, the saint, enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for
To see a smiling God!

Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," says God, and "die;"
The prophet climb'd and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

LONG FOR HIS RETURN.

O 'T WAS a mournful parting day !
Farewell, my spouse, he said ;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay !
How long my Love hath staid !)

Farewell ! at once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's sky :
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

Round the creation wild I rove,
And search the globe in vain ;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

My passions fly to seek their King,
And send their groans abroad,
They beat the air with heavy wing
And mourn an absent God :

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
My soul dissolves away,
Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

YET, gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face ;
What though a short eclipse his beauties shroud,
And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a summer cloud :
He is my sun, though he refuse to shine,
Though for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light arise
I'll spring a thought away to God ;
The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy servant pray,
Bend the blue heavens, eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring ;
Or shall I breathe in vain and pant my hours away ?
Break, glorious Brightness thro' the gloomy veil,
Look, how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare

Pronounce me prisoner of hell.
But thou, my Sun, and thou, my Shield,
Wilt save me in the bloody field ;
Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimmering
ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of hell away.

Happy the times, but ah ! the times are gone
When wondrous power and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays :
Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the deeps of death again,
And smiling triumph sat on every face :
Our spirits, raptur'd with the sight,
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise.

Here could I say,
(And point the place whereon I stood)
Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day
From my descending God :
I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above ;
Divinely sweet the blessings were
While mine Emmanuel was there :
And o'er the head
The conqueror spread
The banner of his love.

Then why my heart sunk down so low ?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn ?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A father's love may raise a frown
To chide the child, or prove the son,
But love will ne'er destroy ;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support,
The morning brings the joy.

COME, LORD JESUS.

WHEN shall thy lovely face be seen ?
When shall our eyes behold our God ?
What lengths of distance lie between,
And hills of guilt ; a heavy load !

Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears :
Fly, winged time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow ;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom ;
Come, thou, the Soul of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of nations, come.

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand fairs.

Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for immortality.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet their flying throne ;
We rise away from mortal things
To attend thy shining chariot down.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thundering sound !
The angel-herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

Ye slumbering saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs ;
Let every sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
New moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay ;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active, and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet, with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the weltering world in fire.

BEWAILING MY OWN INCONSTANCY.

I LOVE the Lord ! but, ah ! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are !
This wanton heart, how wide it roves !
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode,
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me off before his face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all be gone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

Oft am I told the muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin some sacred song,
And take my Sayiour on my tongue.

Strangely I lose his lovely face,
To hold the empty sounds in chase;
At best the chimes divide my heart,
And the muse shares the larger part.

False confidant! and falser breast!
Fickle, and fond of every guest:
Each airy image, as it flies,
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad :
How shall I fix this wandering mind ;
Or throw my fetters on the wind ?

Look gently down, almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace ;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

Say, when shall the bright moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild muse prove false no more !

FORSAKEN, YET HOPING

HAPPY the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly guest.

And now he's gone (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love!
Curse on you, sins, that griev'd him so,
Ye sins, that forc'd him to remove.

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue:
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring:
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mournful string.

But, ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see;
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan, for thee, my God, for thee.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot through the cleaving spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high,
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

There smiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewell to jealousies and pains,
And all the ills of absent love.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

The lowest step above thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet,
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height, with wond'ring eyes.

Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall, worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
"The Great, the Holy, and the High!"

Earth, from afar, has heard the fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
But, O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short, our tunes ; our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

“ Tibi silet laus, O Deus,” Psal. lxx. i.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts to obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when William died :
Lo, at thy feet, in all the loyal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And William's urn almost without a tear
Stands, nor complains ; while from thy gracious
tongue

Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm, that on those lips was found
To soothe the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright ! The terror dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder can secure her head ;
Her trembling eaglets hasten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war :
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassovian hands,
Transfer their souls, and live ; secure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.
Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Fainting religion, whilst, in various forms,
Fair piety shines through the British isles :
Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles ¹
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy councils, and assist thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands.
There, at a humble distance from the throne,²
Beauteous as she lies ; her lustre all her own,
Ungarnished ; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade :
Cheerful and pleas'd, she not presumes to share
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear sovereign, endless vows arise,
And zeal with earthly wing salutes the skies
To gain thy safety. Here a solemn form¹
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our wishes : There the
mind²
Feels its own fire, and kindles, unconfin'd,

¹ The established Church of England.

² The Protestant Dissenters.

With bolder hopes : Yet still beyond our vows,
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terror grows.

Princess, the world already owns thy name :
Go, mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renown'd : Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival-boy :¹
Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears,
And speeds his flight ; not overtakes his fears,
Till hard despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home, till wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet.
Mad zeal, and frenzy, with their murderous train,
Feel these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and treason bite the chain.

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's stage :
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bless the earth, and late ascend thy throne,
Ethereal ; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unsung ; for by thine awful hands
Heaven rules the waves, and thunders o'er the
lands, [mands.)
Creates inferior kings,² and gives them their com-

¹ The Pretender.

² She made Charles, the Emperor's second son, King of Spain, who was afterwards Emperor of Germany.

Legions attend thee at the radiant gates !
For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria, waits.

But, oh ! the parting stroke ! some heavenly
power
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour ;
Some new propitious star appear on high .
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be its name ; with gentle sway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Soothe the rude north wind, and the rugged bear,
Calm rising wars, heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the southern
sphere.

NOTE. This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late queen, when she had broken the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles, the present Emperor, to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Protestant succession, and promised inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Protestant dissenters. Thus she appeared the chief support of the Reformation, and the patroness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition, without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages ; and while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retractation.

August 1, 1721.

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward muse
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
(Unskill'd in fate's eternal book,)
And the deep characters mistook.

George is the name, that glorious star ;
Ye saw his splendors beaming far ;
Saw in the east your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Streaking the heavens with crimson gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day :
His influence soothes the Russian bear,
Calms rising wars, and heals the air ;
Join'd with the sun his beams are hurl'd
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

TO JOHN LOCKE, ESQ.

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

ANGELS are made of heavenly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their bliss within their bosom springs,
 Within their bosom flows.

But narrow minds still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense,
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.
Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debase their honour down to earth,
 And claim a share with worms.

He that has treasures of his own,
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the globe, and dwell alone
 Within his spacious mind.

Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vast ideas play,
 Nor feel a thought confin'd.

TO JOHN SHUTE, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS LORD BARRINGTON.

ON MR. LOCKE'S DANGEROUS SICKNESS, SOME
TIME AFTER HE HAD RETIRED TO
STUDY THE SCRIPTURES.

AND must the man of wondrous mind,
(Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)
Forsake our longing eyes ?
Reason at length submits to wear
The wings of faith ; and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the skies.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And seize it for thy own ;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeness bears ;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copied in his son.

Thus when our follies, or our faults,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,

Thy pen shall make us wise :
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light,
Place our true¹ interest in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain ;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

¹ The " Interest of England," written by Mr. Shute.

Oh ! why should bliss depart in haste,
And friendship stay to moan ?
Why the fond passion cling so fast,
When every joy is gone ?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain :
For love and joy were once allied,
And must be joined again.

TO NATHANIEL GOULD, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS SIR NATHANIEL GOULD.

'Tis not by splendor, nor by state,
Exalted mien, or lofty gait,
My muse takes measures of a king :
If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majestic thing.
Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
O'er fellow-minds, enslav'd in clay,
Or swell when I shall have engross'd
A larger heap of shining dust,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world salute me loud,
My thoughts look inward and forget

The sounding names of High and Great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

When Gould commands his ships to run
And search the traffic of the sea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the western mines away,
Or richer spices from the rising sun;
While the glad tenants of the shore
Shout, and pronounce him senator,¹
Yet still the man's the same:
For well the happy merchant knows
The soul with treasure never grows,
Nor swells with airy fame.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To rise above the mean control
Of flesh and sense, to which we're tied;
This is ambition that becomes a soul.
We steer our course up through the skies;
Farewell this barren land:
We ken the heavenly shore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of spirits lies,
And beckoning angels stand.

¹ Member of Parliament for a port in Sussex.

THE LIFE OF SOULS.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

SWIFT as the sun revolves the day,
We hasten to the dead,
Slaves to the wind, we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.
'Tis air that lends us life, when first
The vital billows heave :
Our flesh we borrow of the dust ;
And when a mother's care has nurst
The babe to manly size, we must
With usury pay the grave.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame :
And plants, and roots of barb'rous name,
Torn from the Indian shore.
Thus we support our tott'ring flesh,
Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,
When bark and steel play well their game
To save our sinking breath,
And Gibson, with his awful power,
Rescues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of death.

But art and nature, powers and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us, at last, to greedy worms
 A despicable prey ;
I'd have a life to call my own,
That shall depend on heaven alone ;
 Nor air, nor earth, nor sea
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
 To give me leave to be.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins ;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vigorous immortality.
Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds ;
Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
 Are not akin to minds.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
 And there our thoughts employ :
When heaven shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
 The business, or the joy.

FALSE GREATNESS.

MYLO, forbear to call him bless'd
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the west
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream, with golden sands,
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poising what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the ploughboy climb a tree,
When Cræsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Cræsus himself can never know ;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferior to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul :
The mind's the standard of the man.

AN EPISTLE.

TO SARISSA.

BEAR up, Sarissa, through the ruffling storms
Of a vain vexing world : Tread down the cares,
Those ragged thorns, that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the muse,
She sings experienc'd truth : This briny dew,
This rain of eyes, will make the briars grow.
We travel through a desert, and our feet
Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares,
Well 'scap'd. Adieu, ye horrors of the dark,
Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours : the twinge of real smart,
And the false terrors of ill-boding dreams,
Vanish together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height: then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,
(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns,
Or richer orb, ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewell. Months that are
gone

Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So, billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: the sailors safe,
Look far astern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; buried deep in night
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of fates immortal *now* divides the past
From all the future, with eternal bars
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number; every pulse

Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period : O celestial point
That ends this mortal story !

But if a glimpse of light with flattering ray
Breaks thro' the clouds of life, or wandering fire
Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor, faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death !
Should vicious pleasure take an angel-form,
And at a distance rise, by slow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof ; nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze : the just delight
That heaven indulges lawful, must obey
Superior powers ; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dangerous size : if it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid the intruding joy
To sit too near your heart. Still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better-born affections ; leave the globe
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of the immortal kind,
That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets ; no lurking mischief

Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs ;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent :
Hold fast the golden chain¹ let down from heaven,
'Twill help your feet and wings ; I feel its force
Draw upwards ; fastened to the pearly gate,
It guides the way unerring : happy clue
'Thro' this dark wild ! 'Twas wisdom's noblest work,
All join'd by power divine, and every link is love.

PARADISE.

TO MR. T. BRADBURY.

YOUNG as I am, I quit the stage,
Nor will I know the applauses of the age ;
Farewell to growing fame. I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares,
Or agonies, or years ;
I leave my country all in tears ;
But heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongst ye, friends, divide and share
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear
A long fatigue of life, and drudge thro' all the race.

¹ The Gospel.

Hark ! my fair guardian chides my stay,
And waves his golden rod :
“ Angel, I come ; lead on the way : ”
And now by swift degrees
I sail aloft through azure seas,
Now tread the milky road :
Farewell, ye planets, in your spheres ;
And as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears.
In haste for paradise
I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought ;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
Deserts of trackless light, and all the ethereal waste,
And to the sacred borders brought ;
There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and surprise.

With pleasing reverence, I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold :
Enter, my soul, and view the amazing scenes ;
Sit fast upon the flying muse,
And let thy roving wonder loose
O'er all the empyreal plains.
Noon stands eternal here : here may thy sight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light ;
Here breathe immortal air :
Joy must beat high in every vein,
Pleasure through all thy bosom reign ;
The laws forbid the stranger, pain,
And banish every care.

See how the bubbling springs of love
 Beneath the throne arise ;
The streams in crystal channels move,
 Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
 There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
 Nor sin nor death infects the fruit ;
Young life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
 And springs from every root ;
Here may thy greedy senses feast
While ecstasy and health attends on every taste.
 With the fair prospect charm'd I stood ;
Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink, profuse, salvation from the silver flood,
 Nor can excess be there.

In sacred order rang'd along
 Saints, new-releas'd by death,
Join the bold seraphs' warbling breath,
 And aid the immortal song.
Each has a voice that tunes his strings
To mighty sounds, and mighty things,
 Things of everlasting weight,
Sounds, like the softer viol, sweet,
 And like the trumpet, strong.
Divine attention held my soul,
 I was all ear !
Through all my powers the heavenly accents roll,
I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury there ;
" Could he but hear these notes," I said,

“ His tuneful soul would never bear
“ The dull unwinding of life’s tedious thread,
“ But burst the vital chords to reach the happy
dead.”

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts the unutterable name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine :
Again my soul the unequal honour sought,
Again her utmost force she brought,
And bow’d beneath the burden of the unwieldy
thought.

Thrice I essay’d, and fainted thrice ;
The immortal labor strain’d my feeble frame,
Broke the bright vision, and dissolv’d the dream ;
I sunk at once, and lost the skies :
In vain I sought the scenes of light,
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around them stood my curtains and the
night.

STRICT RELIGION VERY RARE.

I’m borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud

Skirted with dawning gold :
Mine eyes beneath the opening day,
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

“Are these the things,” my passion cried,
“That we call men? Are these allied
“To the fair worlds of light?
“They have ’ras’d out their Maker’s name,
“Graven on their minds with pointed flame,
“In strokes divinely bright.

“Wretches! they hate their native skies;
“If an ethereal thought arise,
“Or spark of virtue shine,
“With cruel force, they damp its plumes,
“Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
“With business, lust, or wine.

“Lo! how they throng, with panting breath,
“The broad descending road
“That leads unerring down to death,
“Nor miss the dark abode.”

Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a nobler few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
The unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid soul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly,
 Each like a rising star,
Charin I saw, and Fidea there,
I saw them help each other's flight,
 And bless them as they go.

They soar beyond my labouring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
 But not their love, below.
On heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
 The temple of their God:
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and through the lower skies
 Spread the perfumes abroad.

Across the road a seraph flew,
"Mark (said he) that happy pair,
"Marriage helps devotion there:
"When kindred minds their God pursue,
"They break with double vigour through
 "The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise,
 My soul adores and sings,
"Bless'd be the power that springs their flight,
"That streaks their path with heavenly light,
"That turns their love to sacrifice,
 " And joins their zeal for wings."

TO MESSRS. C. AND S. FLEETWOOD.

FLEETWOODS, young generous pair,
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.

Tried by a standard, bold and just,
Honour and gold, and paint and dust;
How vile the last is, and as vain the first!
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind, and born for death;
The soul's the only thing we have
Worth an important thought.

The soul! 'tis of the immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind,
Outlives the mouldering corpse, and leaves the
globe behind.

In limbs of clay though she appears,
Array'd in rosy skin, and deck'd with ears and
eyes,

The flesh is but the soul's disguise,
There's nothing in her frame 'kin to the dress she
wears.

From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel, and all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must forever be.

Rise then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die ;
Lo ! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles,
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our
periods on.
Swift the approach, and solemn is the day,
When this immortal mind,
Stripp'd of the body's coarse array,
To endless pain, or endless joy,
Must be at once consign'd.

Think of the sands run down to waste,
We possess none of all the past,
None but the present is our own ;
Grace is not plac'd within our power,
'Tis but one short, one shining hour,
Bright and declining as a setting sun,
See the white minutes, wing'd with haste ;
The *now* that flies may be the last ;
Seize the salvation e'er 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone :
A thought's delay is ruin here,
A closing eye, a gasping breath,
Shuts up the golden scene in death,
And drowns you in despair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, ESQ.

CASIMIR. LIB. II. OD. 2, IMITATED.

“Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles,” &c.

MARK how it snows ! how fast the valley fills !
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear ;
Yet the warm sunbeams, bounding from the hills,
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green
appear.

But when old age has on your temples shed
Her silver-frost, there 's no returning sun ;
Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer 's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden
joys are gone.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow,
Stick fast upon you ; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.

The chase of pleasure is not worth the pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting down ;
And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame ;
But there's a heavenly art to elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day :
Thus, Blackbourn, we should leave our names our
 heirs ;
Old time and waning moons sweep all the rest
 away.

TRUE MONARCHY.

THE rising year beheld the imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor : but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute ; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies, with a sovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom ; but the man
That chains his rebel will to reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, whilst his royal mind
Makes heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws his own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe,
Dy'd in the people's blood ; not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Tho' gilt with sunbeams, and set round with stars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them ; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp ; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light ; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet the attacks
Of time and chance, himself a numerous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot, pleasure, spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs, whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness) still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound ;
Nor feels the flying arrows of reproach,
Or spite or envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom ; sit above the globe,
My rising soul, and dress thyself around,
And shine in virtue's armour ; climb the height
Of wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a day drop down a gentle look
On the great molehill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust : Then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

HONOUR demands my song. Forget the ground,
My generous muse, and sit amongst the stars !
There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world,
Amongst these dying clods, and bears her state
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character ; superior to the flesh,
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born to obey.

This is the man whom storms could never make
Meanly complain ; nor can a flattering gale
Make him talk proudly : he hath no desire
To read his secret fate ; yet, unconcern'd
And calm, could meet his unborn destiny,
In all its charming, or its frightful shapes.

He that, unshrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqueror : for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of fate, he bears them well.

He, though the Atlantic and the Midland seas
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain,
Mingled with flames, upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands,
Secure of his best life ; unhurt, unmov'd ;
And drops his lower nature, born for death.
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds ;) a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids,
To reach his birthplace, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst his native rubbish ; whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third heaven, the unruinable sky.

Thither, when fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease,
Or a sharp sword, that help'd the travellers on,
And push'd us to our home. Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the stormy brine
With steady prow ; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss,
To which we ever steer ; whether, as kings,
Of wide command, we 've spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cockboat, with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land,
And I'll be happy : Thus I'll leap ashore,
Joyful and fearless, on the immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

FREE PHILOSOPHY.

TO THE MUCH HONOURED MR. THOMAS ROWE,
THE DIRECTOR OF MY YOUTHFUL STUDIES.

CUSTOM, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
In magic chains of forms and rules !

My genius storms her throne :

No more, ye slaves, with awe profound,
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round ;
Loose hands, and quit the enchanted ground :

Knowledge invites us each alone.

I hate these shackles of the mind,

Forg'd by the haughty wise ;

Souls were not born to be confin'd,

And led, like Samson, blind and bound ;

But when his native strength he found

He well aveng'd his eyes.

I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,

Thy gentle influence like the sun,

Only dissolves the frozen snow,

Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,

And choose the channels where they run.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind ;

The pinions of a single mind

Will through all nature fly :

But who can drag up to the poles

Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls ;

A genius which no chain controls

Roves with delight, or deep, or high :

Swift I survey the globe around,

Dive to the centre through the solid ground,

Or travel o'er the sky.

THE WAY OF THE MULTITUDE.

TO THE REV. MR. BENONI ROWE.

Rowe, if we make the crowd our guide
Through life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chase; and, wandering wide,
We miss the immortal good;
Yet, if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy steps, and tread the same:
Dress'd in thy notions, I'd appear,
Not like a soul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random, and by chance,
Bright reason never leads the dance;
Whilst in the broad and beaten way,
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray,
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires, she hates the crowd,
And, with a decent scorn,
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where not the grave nor giddy feet
Of the learn'd vulgar, or the rude,
Have e'er a passage worn.

Mere hazard first began the track,
Where custom leads her thousands blind,
 In willing chains and strong;
There's scarce one bold, one noble mind,
Dares tread the fatal error back;
But, hand in hand, ourselves we bind,
 And drag the age along.

Mortals, a savage herd, and loud
As billows on a noisy flood,
 In rapid order roll:
Example makes the mischief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road,
 Unheedful of the goal.
Me let Ithuriel's friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
 To wisdom's lofty tower;
Thence to survey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhyme
 Bless the delivering power.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN HOWE.

GREAT man, permit the muse to climb,
 And seat her at thy feet;
Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
 And consecrate her wit.

I feel, I feel the attractive force
Of thy superior soul :
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men :
How they grow gray in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain !
A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good ;
Thus, like the ass of savage kind,
We snuff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But strike one doleful sound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires,
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy ;
How they disclaim their heavenly birth,
Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy.
Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence,
With elevated song,
Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide the immortal prize
With the seraphic throng :
“ Knowledge and love make spirits blest,

“ Knowledge their food, and love their rest ; ”
But flesh, the unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes,
 And music of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of grov’ling mind
Round the short joys of earthly kind,
 In restless windings, roam ;
Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
 Completes the heaven at home.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND RELIEF.

VIRTUE, permit my fancy to impose
 Upon my better powers :
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,
 And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
 Of waning moons, and rolling years,
 Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
 If (where no sovereign cure appears)
 No opiates could be found.
Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
 Is a deceitful good ;
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
 On the green margin stood,

Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the
flood ;

Then, fond to be entirely blest,
And tempted by a faithless youth,
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in, with heedless haste,
And rears the nether mud :

Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current, love, with large supplies
Of pain to tease the heart, and sorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliss, that charm'd her sight,
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost :
A spark, or glimmering streak, at most,
Shines here and there, amidst the night,
Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

Recover'd from the sad surprise,
Doris awakes at last,
Grown by the disappointment wise ;
And manages with art the unlucky cast ;
When the lowering frown she spies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her sovereign beauty bow ;
Cheerful, she smiles upon the grizzly form ;
So shines the setting sun on adverse skies,
And paints a rainbow on the storm.
Anon, she lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book or friend,

Beguiles the uneasy hours :
Well colouring every cross she meets,
With heart serene, she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancied sweets,
And strows her bed with flowers.

THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

THERON, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground ;
And searching onward, as he went,
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss, and shades had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone,
Yet, e'er he pass'd, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spell'd out SCI-PI-O.

“ Enough,” he cried ; “ I'll drudge no more
“ In turning the dull Stoics o'er ;
“ Let pedants waste their hours of ease
“ To sweat all night at Socrates ;
“ And feed their boys with notes and rules,
“ Those tedious recipes of schools,
“ To cure ambition : I can learn
“ With greater ease, the great concern
“ Of mortals ; how we may despise
“ All the gay things below the skies.

“Methinks a mouldering pyramid
“Says all that the old sages said ;
“For me these shatter’d tombs contain
“More morals than the Vatican.
“The dust of heroes cast abroad,
“And kick’d, and trampled in the road,
“The relics of a lofty mind,
“That lately wars and crowns design’d,
“Tost for a jest from wind to wind,
“Bid me be humble, and forbear
“Tall monuments of fame to rear,
“They are but castles in the air.
“The towering heights, and frightful falls,
“The ruin’d heaps, and funerals,
“Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
“Tell me a thousand mournful things
“In melancholy silence.
“ He
“That living could not bear to see
“An equal, now lies torn and dead ;
“Here his pale trunk, and there his head ;
“Great Pompey, while I meditate,
“With solemn horror, thy sad fate,
“Thy carcass, scatter’d on the shore
“Without a name, instructs me more
“Than my whole library before.

“Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,
“And my good Seneca may keep
“Your volumes clos’d for ever too,
“I have no further use for you :

“ For when I feel my virtue fail,
“ And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
“ I’ll take a turn among the tombs,
“ And see whereto all glory comes :
“ There the vile foot of every clown
“ Tramples the sons of honour down.
“ Beggars with awful ashes sport,
“ And tread the Cæsars in the dirt.”

FREEDOM.

TEMPT me no more. My soul can ne’er comport
With the gay slaveries of a court ;
I’ve an aversion to those charms,
And hug dear liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vassal souls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio’s gate,
Then run in troops before him, to compose his state ;
Move as he moves ; and when he loiters stand ;
You’re but the shadows of a man.
Bend when he speaks ; and kiss the ground :
Go, catch the impertinence of sound :
Adore the follies of the great ;
Wait till he smiles : But lo, the idol frown’d,
And drove them to their fate.

Thus base-born minds : but as for me,
I can and will be free :

Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,
My soul grows firm upright,
And as I stand, and as I go,
It keeps my body so.

No ! I can never part with my creation-right ;
Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee [it free.
Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd,
Pindarical ; then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.

Nature, that listen'd to my strain,
Resum'd the theme, and acted it again,
Sudden rose a whirling wind,
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the straws and feathers crowd,
Types of a slavish mind ;
Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
And as the tempest fell, the obedient vapours sunk :
Again it roars with bellowing sound,
The meaner plants that grew around,
The willow, and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the
ground ;

Hard by there stood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all the storm defied ;
In vain the winds their forces tried,
In vain they roar'd, the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's stroke.

ON MR. LOCKE'S ANNOTATIONS

UPON SEVERAL PARTS OF THE NEW TESTA-
MENT, LEFT IN MS.

THUS reason learns by slow degrees,
What faith reveals ; but still complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkness from the too exuberant light.
The blaze of those bright mysteries
Pour'd, all at once, on nature's eyes,
Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

Reason could scarce sustain to see
The almighty One, the eternal Three,
Or bear the infant deity ;
Scarce could her pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his throne,
And drest in glories so unknown.
A ransom'd world, a bleeding God,
And heaven appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be understood.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say
Did ever mind of mortal race
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey.

'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit,
And lay her shining honours at thy sovereign feet.
Sister of faith, fair charity,
Show me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he sees the Godhead Three in One ;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His noblest powers in deep prostration lie
At the mysterious throne.
“Forgive,” he cries, “ye saints below,
“The wavering and the cold assent
“I gave to themes divinely true ;
“Can you admit the blessed to repent ?
“Eternal darkness veil the lines
“Of that unhappy book,
“Where glimmering reason with false lustre shines,
“Where the mere mortal pen mistook
“What the celestial meant ?

TRUE RICHES.

I AM not concern'd to know
What to-morrow fate will do ;
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possess'd myself to-day :
Then if haply midnight death
Seize my flesh, and stop my breath,
Yet to-morrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own :
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose ;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself a whole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within,
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useful grows ;
On the same young flowery tree
All the seasons you may see ;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight ;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into solid truth :
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste ;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and a shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love :
There, beneath the smiling skies,
Hills of contemplation rise ;

Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up ;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more
Earth hath no resemblance for ;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul :
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru ;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are ;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age ;
Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wandering mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence :
Or she sits at fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,

Foreign visits still receiving,
And to herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

THE ADVENTUROUS MUSE.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Through rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wond'rous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;
Nor Rapin¹ give her rules to fly, nor Purcell²
notes to sing.
She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where the ingulfing
sand:
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies,
Or where the sea-marks stand.

¹ A French critic.² An English master of music.

Touch'd with an empyreal ray,
She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture through the boundless deep,
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in solid orbs of skull ;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly dull.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own route, and, unconfin'd,
Bound o'er the everlasting hills, [behind.
And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars
Give me the muse whose generous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critic's iron chains,
And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

There Milton dwells : the mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by mortal tongue ;
New terrors, or new glories, shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine [along.
Surprise the wond'ring sense, and draw our souls

Behold his muse sent out to explore
The unapparent deep, where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.

She trac'd a glorious path unknown,
Through fields of heavenly war, and seraphs
 overthrown,

Where his adventurous genius led :
Sovereign, she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.

The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupled sound to climb.

He mourn'd the Garden lost below ;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful woe)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrivall'd
 strains.

Immortal bard ! Thus thy own Raphael sings,
And knows no rule but native fire :
All heaven sits silent, while to his sovereign strings
He talks unutterable things ;
With graces infinite, his untaught fingers rove
 Across the golden lyre :
From every note devotion springs,
Rapture, and harmony, and love,
O'erspread the listening choir.

THE COMPLAINT.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

'Twas in a vale where osiers grow,
By murmuring streams, we told our woe,
 And mingled all our cares :
Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dew's arise,
 And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
 Shone with a fainter bright ;
Still sickening, and decaying still,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill,
 With his expiring light.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
 Behind her sable wheels ;
Nature grew sad to lose the day,
The flow'ry vales in mourning lay,
 In mourning stood the hills.

Such are our sorrows, Clark, I cried,
Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
 Our darken'd souls behind ;
In the young morning of our years
Distemp'ring fogs have climb'd the spheres
 And choke the labouring mind.

Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty shade,
 New-brightening all the skies :
But say, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipse be gone,
 Or when our suns arise ?

In vain are potent herbs applied,
Harmonious sounds in vain have tried
 To make the darkness fly :
But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clattering brass relieve the moon,
 When fainting in the sky.

Some friendly spirit from above,
Born of the light, and nurst with love,
 Assist our feebler fires :
Force these invading glooms away ;
Souls should be seen quite through their clay,
 Bright as your heavenly choirs.

But if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind death, dissolve our frame,

Release the prisoner-mind :
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

THE AFFLICTIONS OF A FRIEND.

Now let my cares all buried lie,
My griefs for ever dumb :
Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
They leave my own no room.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
The spleen itself is gone ;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,
And all the soul invades :
So the broad gloom of spreading night
Devours the evening shades.

Thus am I born to be unblest !
This sympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breast
To admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long succession reign ;
Their iron rod I feel :
Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the prisoner still.

Why was this life for misery made ?
Or why drawn out so long ?
Is there no room amongst the dead ?
Or is a wretch too young ?

Move faster on, great nature's wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling powers,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undistinguish'd hours.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
Nor smile upon a slave :
Darkness and death, make haste at once
To hide me in the grave.

THE REVERSE:

OR, THE COMFORTS OF A FRIEND.

THUS nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
Till grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
And, smiling, thus she said :

Were kindred spirits born for cares ?
Must every grief be mine ?
Is there a sympathy in tears,
Yet joys refuse to join ?

Forbid it, heaven, and raise my love,
And make our joys the same ;
So bliss and friendship join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

Sorrows are lost in vast delight
That brightens all the soul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

Pleasures in long succession reign,
And all my powers employ :
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
And fresh repeats the joy.

Life has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long ;
Yet, when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone

Fast as ye please roll down the hill,
And haste away, my years ;
Or I can wait my Father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.

Rise glorious every future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
By well distinguish'd rays.

THE HARDY SOLDIER.

TO THE RT. HON. JOHN LORD CUTTS, AT THE
SIEGE OF NAMUR.

“O WHY is man so thoughtless grown
“Why guilty souls in haste to die?
“Venturing the leap to worlds unknown,
“Heedless to arms and blood they fly.

“Are lives but worth a soldier's pay?
“Why will ye join such wide extremes,
“And stake immortal souls, in play
“At desperate chance, and bloody games!

“Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
“Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears:
“Calmly she meets the deadly shot!
“Secure of life above the stars.

“ But frenzy dares eternal fate,
“ And, spurr’d with honour’s airy dreams,
“ Flies to attack the infernal gate,
“ And force a passage to the flames.

Thus hovering o’er Namuria’s plains,
Sung heavenly love, in Gabriel’s form :
Young Thraso felt the moving strains,
And vow’d to pray before the storm.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls ;
Vows are but wind, the hero cries ;
Then swears by heaven, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

BURNING SEVERAL POEMS OF OVID,
MARTIAL, OLDHAM, DRYDEN, &c.

I JUDGE the muse of lewd desire ;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire.
In vain the flatteries of their wit
Now with a melting strain, now with a heavenly
flight,
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.

So harlots dress: They can appear
 Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
 To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
 Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging sin.
 Die, Flora, die in endless shame,
 Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
 Stript of thy false array.
 Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
 Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
 Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,
 Attend your mistress to the dead; [shade.
 When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her

Strephon,¹ of noble blood and mind,
 (For ever shine his name!)
 As death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
 And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
 "Burn, burn," he cried with sacred rage,
 "Hell is the due of every page,
 "Hell be the fate. (But O indulgent heaven!
 "So vile the muse, and yet the man forgiven!)
 "Burn on, my songs: For not the silver Thames
 "Nor Tyber, with his yellow streams,
 "In endless currents rolling to the main,
 "Can e'er dilute the poison, or wash out the stain."
 So, Moses, by divine command,
 Forbade the leprous house to stand
 When deep the fatal spot was grown;
 "Break down the timber, and dig up the stone."

¹ Earl of Rochester.

AGAINST TEARS.

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

MADAM, persuade me tears are good
To wash our mortal cares away :
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
(These orbs that never use to rain)
Some star direct me where to buy
One sovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear :
I'd barter all but what's divine :
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas ! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe ;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on ;
In vain our miseries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage on your face:
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superior race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe ;
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom my sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into thy chains,

As custom leads the way :
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move ;
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames ; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy :
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
To improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands :
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless :
As well may heavenly consorts spring

From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen ;
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind ;
For love abhors the sight :
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves :
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

AN EPISTLE.

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

LET useless souls to woods retreat ;
Polhill should leave a country seat
When virtue bids him dare be great.

Nor Kent,¹ nor Sussex,¹ should have charms,
While liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counsels and to arms.

Lewis by fawning slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a base-born lord ;²
Awake your cares ! awake your sword !

Factions amongst the Britons³ rise,
And warring tongues, and wild surmise,
And burning zeal without her eyes.

A vote decides the blind debate ;
Resolv'd, " 'tis of diviner weight,
"To save the steeple than the state."

¹ His country-seat and dwelling.

² The Pretender, proclaimed King in France.

³ The Parliament.

The bold machine¹ is form'd and join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

Your grandsire shades, with jealous eye
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

If Trevia² fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul, with spear in hand,
At least petition for³ the land.

THE CELEBRATED VICTORY
OF THE POLES OVER OSMAN, THE TURKISH
EMPEROR, IN THE DACIAN BATTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM CASIMIRE, B. IV. OD. 4. WITH LARGE
ADDITIONS.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the strong,
Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic muse
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair possessions

¹ The bill against occasional conformity.

² Mrs. Polhill, of the family of Lord Trevor.

³ Mr. Polhill was one of those five zealous gentlemen who presented the famous Kentish petition to the parliament, in the reign of King William, to hasten their supplies in order to support the king in his war with France.

Where flows the fruitful Danube : Seventy springs
Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest-moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy :
Still he resum'd the toil ; and fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his
plough

In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets, and swords (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest ; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon song.

Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,
Or feed beside me ; taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot ; crop the sweet herb,
And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his spear, and breathes ; yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields ? What mighty piles
Of vast destruction, and of Thracian dead,
Fill and amaze my eyes ! Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills,
And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon,
Deep-bruis'd, and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore (for when a boy,
I was their captive and remind their dress :)
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
In august port and regular array,

Led on to conquest : Here the Turkish chief
Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, drest in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

O the dire image of the bloody fight
These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian spears ; when polish'd
helms

And convex gold blaz'd thick against the sun
Restoring all his beams ! but frowning war,
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

The storm of missive steel delay'd awhile
By wise command ; fledg'd arrows on the nerve ;
And scymetar and sabre bore the sheath
Reluctant ; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulphurous fire,
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with
arms ;

Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hissing death : with adverse edge
The crook'd fauchions met ; and hideous noise
From clashing shields, thro' the long ranks of war,
Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms
Roar diverse : and in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony ! not all the frozen stores
Of the cold north, when pour'd in rattling hail,

Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,
Or so torment the ear. Scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor, when some southern blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock :
The massy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous crash, rolls down the rugged cliff
Resistless, plunging in the subject lake
Como, or Lugaine ; the afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills ;
Such was the noise of war : the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions ; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

Uproar, revenge, and rage and hate, appear
In all their murd'rous forms ; and flame, and blood,
And sweat, and dust, array the broad campaign
In horror : hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul
Engage in the warm business of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,
Join in the fight ; and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal, as the iron arms of death.
Here words austere, of perilous command,
And valour swift to obey, bold feats of arms
Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate,
Shine thro' the field with more surprising brightness
Than glittering helms or spears. What loud ap-
plause,
(Best meed of warlike toil) what manly shouts,

And yells unmanly through the battle ring!
And sudden wrath dies into endless fame.

Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here; more dreadful tho' with lesser wings.

But what the Dahees or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cicilians 'scaping from the slaughter,
Of Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean against the intrepid breast
Of the pursuing foe? The impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging through the sky
On sounding wheels; or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant, and bears along the stream,
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain.

The bold Borussian, smoking from afar,
Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates the artillery of heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene!
What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burst from the darkness! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder and an equal storm,
From hostile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war, [chiefs,
And rush on the sharp point; while baleful mis-
Deaths, and bright dangers, flew across the field

Thick and continual, and a thousand souls
Fled murmuring thro' their wounds. I stood aloof,
For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind
Of Russian banners, when with whizzing sound,
Eager of glory, and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish
moons

Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse
Hung on the silver crescent, boding night,
Long night, to all her sons: at length disrob'd
The standards fell: the barb'rous ensigns, torn,
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry heaven;
And a large cloud of infantry and horse,
Scattering in wild disorder, spread the plain.

Not noise nor number, nor the brawny limb,
Nor high-built size prevails: 'Tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe,
And steel well sharpen'd: so a generous pair
Of young wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.

Vast was the slaughter, and the flowery green
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Veteran bands
Here made their last campaign. Here haughty
chiefs,

Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour, lie
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppress'd with iron slumbers, and long night.
Their ghosts indignant to the nether world
Fled, but attended well: for at their side

Some faithful Janizaries strew'd the field,
Fallen in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,
Firm as they stood ; to the Warsovian troops,
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad sabre and keen poleaxe flew
With speedy terror through the feeblèr herd,
And made rude havoc and irregular spoil
Amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In swift affright, a thousand different ways,
Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy
mountains

Bellowing ; yet hasty fate o'ertook the cry,
And Polish hunters clave the timorous deer.

Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul
With awe ; till the last relics of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying had disclos'd
The ghastly plain : I took a nearer view,
Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs,
(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore,
Lay weltering on the ground ; while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves still shivering, nor had lost
All taste of pain ! Here an old Thracian lies
Deform'd with years and scars, and groans aloud,
Torn with fresh wounds ; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down
By the hard laws of nature, to sustain
Long torment : his wild eyeballs roll : his teeth,
Gnashing with anguish, chide his lingering fate.

Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command
Amongst the neighbouring dead ; they round their
lord

Lay prostrate ; some in flight ignobly slain,
Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave and proud to die so near their prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
Two beauteous youths, of richest Ott'man blood,
Extended on the field : in friendship join'd,
Nor fate divides them : hardy warriors both ;
Both faithful ; drown'd in showers of darts they fell,
Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart
In vain : for on those orbs of friendly brass
Stood groves of javelins ; some, alas, too deep
Were planted there, and thro' their lovely bosoms
Made painful avenues for cruel death.

O my dear native land, forgive the tear
I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong compas-
sion

Forc'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.
Dacia, forgive the sigh that wish'd the souls
Of those fair Infidels some humble place
Among the blest. " Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair,"
Gently, I cried, " worthy of better fate,
" And better faith." Hard by the general lay,
Of Saracen descent, a grisly form,
Breathless, yet pride sat pale upon his front
In disappointment, with a surly brow
Low'ring in death, and vext ; his rigid jaws,

Foaming with blood, bite hard the Polish spear :
In that dead visage my remembrance reads
Rash Caracas : in vain the boasting slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the Sultan, threat'ning fierce,
With royal suppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warsovian silk and gold ;
See on the naked ground all cold he lies,
Beneath the damp wide covering of the air,
Forgetful of his word. How heaven confounds
Insulting hopes ! with what an awful smile
Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the reins
To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end !

But whither am I borne ! this thought of arms
Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls
What generous horse should hear. Break off, my
song,

My barb'rous muse, be still : immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse :
The martial trumpet, and the following age
And growing fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
In sounds of glory. Lo, the evening star
Shines o'er the western hill ; my oxen, come,
The well-known star invites the labourer home.

TO MR. HENRY BENDISH.

DEAR SIR,

The following song was yours, when first composed; the muse then described the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill-matched; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul has found its own mate. Let this ode, then, congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeness and love: Persevere, and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the press what the pen more privately inscribed to you, long ago; and I am in no pain lest you should take offence at the fabulous dress of this poem: Nor would weaker minds be scandalized at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken by the holy writers in visions and images, parables and dreams: Nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave, and the moral so just and obvious.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?

Why gentle Hymen's silken chain

A plague of iron prove?

Bendish, 'tis strange the charm that binds

Millions of hands, should leave their minds

At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wond'rous cause,

Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,

And urg'd the schools in vain ;
Then deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of my mind !)
Till on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Risen with his god, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song ;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream ;
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half-divine his tongue.

“ He sang the eternal rolling flame,
“ That vital mass, that still the same
“ Does all our minds compose :
“ But shaped in twice ten thousand frames :
“ Thence differing souls of differing names,
“ And jarring tempers rose.

“ The mighty power that form'd the mind
“ One mould for every two design'd,
“ And bless'd the new-born pair :
“ This be a match for this (he said) :

“ Then down he sent the souls he made,
“ To seek them bodies here.

“ But parting from their warm abode
“ They lost their fellows on the road,
“ And never join’d their hands.
“ Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates !
“ Our eastern souls have dropp’d their mates
“ On Europe’s barb’rous lands.

“ Happy the youth that finds the bride
“ Whose birth is to his own allied,
“ The sweetest joy of life :
“ But oh, the crowds of wretched souls
“ Fetter’d to minds of different moulds,
“ And chain’d to eternal strife !”

Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard ;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas’d to flow :
“ Sure then (I cried) might I but see
“ That gentle nymph that twinn’d with me,
“ I may be happy too.

“ Some courteous angel tell me where,
“ What distant lands this unknown fair,
“ Or distant seas detain ?
“ Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
“ I’d fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
“ And wear the joyful chain.”

THE HAPPY MAN.

SERENE as light is Myron's soul,
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole :
In manly beauty shines his face ;
Every muse, and every grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their seat ;
His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.

Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood scarce begun !
Behold the race of virtue run !
Behold the goal of glory won !
Nor fame denies the merit, nor withholds the prize ;
Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim :
The lands where learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru,
In barb'rous songs, pronounce the British hero's
name.

“ Airy bliss (the hero cried)
“ May feed the tympany of pride ;

“ But healthy souls were never found
“ To live on emptiness and sound.”

Lo, at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, wealth, appears ;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years ;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours,
Gather'd from the Indian coast ;
Not Danae's lap could equal treasures boast,
When Jove came down in golden showers.

He look'd and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say,
“ Bliss is not made of glittering clay.”

Now pomp and grandeur court his head
With 'scutcheons, arms, and ensigns spread ;
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round his table wait.
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall, and now they rise,
Watch every motion of their lord,
Hang on his lips with most impatient zeal,
With swift ambition seize the unfinish'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that grandeur brings,
He dropp'd a tear, and pitied kings,

Then, flying from the noisy throng,
Seeks the diversion of a song.

Music, descending on a silent cloud,
Tun'd all her strings, with endless art ;
By slow degrees from soft to loud
Changing she rose : the harp and flute
Harmonious join, the hero to salute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love
Each with utmost luxury strove
To treat their favourite best ;
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawless love, in vain combine
To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
“ In crowds of pleasure still I find
“ A painful solitude of mind.
“ A vacancy within, which sense can ne'er supply,
“ Hence, and be gone, ye flattering snares,
“ Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
“ Ye unperforming promisers !
“ Be all my baser passions dead,
“ And base desires, by nature made
“ For animals and boys :
“ Man has a relish more refin'd,
“ Souls are for social bliss design'd,

“ Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
“ A kindred soul to double and to share my joys :”

Myrrha appear'd : Serene her soul,
And active as the sun, yet steady as the pole
In softer beauties shone her face ;
Every muse and every grace,
Made her heart and tongue their seat,
Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely
sweet :

His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
Myrrha the wonder of his eyes ;

With joys unknown before :

His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain,
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.

“ Enough,” the impatient hero cries

And seiz'd her to his breast,

“ I seek no more below the skies,

“ I give my slaves the rest.”

TO DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

SIR,

When you put this satire into my hand, you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And since you provoked me to write, you will accept of these efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by, Sir,

Your most obedient servant, I. W.

AN ANSWER TO AN INFAMOUS SATIRE,
CALLED, "ADVICE TO A PAINTER ;"

WRITTEN BY AN ANONYMOUS AUTHOR, AGAINST KING
WILLIAM III. OF GLORIOUS MEMORY.

PART I.

AND must the hero that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters, and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,

And crush the French dragoon ? Must William's
name,

That brightest star that gilds the wings of fame,
William the brave, the pious, and the just,
Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust ?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame ;
Can your zeal sleep ! Or are your passions tame ?
Nor call revenge and darkness on the Poet's name ?
Why smoke the skies not ? Why no thunders roll ?
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul ?
Audacious wretch, to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel-flame ;
To call the painter to his black designs,
To draw our guardian's face in hellish lines.
Painter, beware ! the monarch can be shown
Under no shape but angel's, or his own,
Gabriel, or William, on the British throne.

O ! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep :
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain ;
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
Scattering just vengeance thro' the red campaign.
Then dash the canvas with a flying stroke,
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
And say, 'Twas thus the conqueror through the
squadrons broke.

Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops ; there, like a rock, he stood

His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.
Calmly he leaves the pleasure of a throne,
And his Maria weeping, whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own :
But heaven secures its champion ; o'er the field
Paint hovering angels ; though they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a death, and wears it on his shield.

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
Mark how the skies, with joyful lustre, smile !
Then imitate the glory ; on the strand
Spread half the nation longing till he land.
Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint ;
Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and profaneness dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
The crowns of war and peace : and may they blow
With flowery blessings ever on his brow.
At his right hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes ; thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands.
Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,
And bless the piece ; these statutes are your own,
That sway the cottage and direct the throne ;
People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the same.

Let liberty, and right, with plumes display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,

Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
Religion guards him ; round the imperial queen
Place waiting virtues, each of heavenly mien ;
Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes ;
The just, the bold, the temperate, and the wise
Dwell in his looks ; majestic, but serene ;
Sweet, with no fondness ; cheerful, but not vain :
Bright, without terror ; great, without disdain.
His soul inspires us, what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example thro' the land :
Not so the former reigns ;
Bend down his ear to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye ;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast to be express'd :
Colours must fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for thought alone to
paint.

PART II.

Now, muse, pursue the satirist again,
Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd pen ;
Hark, how he bids the servile painter draw,
In monstrous shapes, the patrons of our law ;
At one slight dash he cancels every name
From the white rolls of honesty and fame ;
This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots sudden bolts promiscuous at the base and
brave,

And with unpardonable malice sheds
Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads.
Painter, forbear ; or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw first this poet, like some baleful star,
With silent influence shedding civil war ;
Or factious trumpeter, whose magic sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground,
And scatters hellish feuds the nation round.
These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe
That first create the plague, and then the pain
describe.

Draw next above, the great ones of our isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the vile ;
Seat them in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
Peeling the subjects with a greedy hand :
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold.
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown :
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us bless'd, how vain his labours prove,
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

TO

THE DISCONTENTED AND UNQUIET.

IMITATED PARTLY FROM CASIMIRE, B. iv. OD. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome anxiety :
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloy :
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed,
We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the world awhile, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
But Fancy, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a lodging in our breast :
She finds or frames vexations still,
Herself the greatest plague we feel.
We take strange pleasure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Assume the load, and pant and sweat
Beneath the imaginary weight.
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant scenes of life
From peevish humours are not free ;
Still we affect variety :

Rather than pass an easy day,
We fret and chide the hours away,
Grow weary of the circling sun,
And vex that he should ever run
The same old track, and still, and still
Rise red behind yon eastern hill,
And chides the moon that darts her light
Through the same casement every night.

We shift our chambers, and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes ;
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Against the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods ; a hermit saint !
She loathes her patches, pins, and paint,
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn :
But humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart : she 's hurried still,
'Twixt her wild passions and her will :
Haunted and hagg'd where'er she roves,
By purling streams and silent groves,
Or with her furies or her loves.

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;
Change the thick climate and repair
To France or Italy for air ;
In vain we change, in vain we fly ;
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind
In vain ; if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind.

Faithful disease, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's side,
Over the desert or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

Happy the soul that virtue shows
To fix the place of her repose,
Needless to move; for she can dwell
In her old grandsire's hall as well.
Virtue that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides herself at home,
And easy on a native throne
Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous storms arise,
And mingle earth, and seas, and skies,
Should the waves swell, and make her roll
Across the line, or near the pole,
Still she's at peace; for well she knows
To launch the stream that duty shows,
And makes her home where'er she goes.
Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,
Or waft her, winds, from east to west
On the soft air; she cannot find
A couch so easy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.

CASIMIRE, BOOK I. ODE 4, IMITATED.

“Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ,” &c.

LIVE, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,
Nor let the sun look down and say,
“Inglorious here he lies ;”
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame,
By every hour that flies.

Youth’s a soft scene, but trust her not ;
Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
Slide off the slippery sphere ;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The sun has pass’d his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

Let folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head,
Alas ! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.

Hartopp, mark the withering rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shows !

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream ;
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream.

The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows,
Falsely her left conveys away,
And shuffles in our woes.
So have I seen a mother play,
And cheat her silly child,
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cried and smil'd.

Airy chance, and iron fate,
Hurry and vex our mortal state,
And all the race of ills create ;
Now fiery joy, now sullen grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll ;
The harness'd hours and minutes strive,
And days with stretching pinions drive
Down fiercely on the goal.

Not half so fast the galley flies
O'er the Venetian sea,
When sails and oars, and labouring skies,
Contend to make her way.

Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares,
The rest lie still yet in their nest
And grow for future years.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

CASIMIRE, BOOK IV. ODE 12, IMITATED.

"Quid me latentum," &c.

THE noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight, and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascend the skies ;
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the heavens I rise.
Yet they will urge, " This private life
" Can never make you bless'd,
" And twenty doors are still at strife
" To engage you for a guest."
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay ;

I would obey the royal call,
But short should be my stay.
Since a diviner service waits
To employ my hours at home, and better fill the
day.

When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great;
My busy eyeballs inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
Whether this opera of life
Be acted well, to gain the plaudit of my God.

There's a day hastening ('tis an awful day!)
When the great sovereign shall at large review
All that we speak, and all we do,
The several parts we act on this wide stage of
clay:

These he approves, and those he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he
damns.

O if the Judge from his tremendous seat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I shall be happy, though unknown,
Nor need the gazing rabble, nor the shouting
street.

I hate the glory, friend, that springs
From vulgar breath and empty sound ;
Fame mounts her upward with a flattering gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till envy shoots and fame receives the wound :
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down glory falls, and strikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs,
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from fame ;
How happy I should lie
In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name !
Here I could live and die alone ;
Or if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure new,
Gunston, I'd live and die with you,
For both our souls are one.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state and images of power.
Virtue should dwell within our seat,
Virtue alone could make it sweet,
Nor is herself secure, but in a close retreat,
While she withdraws from public praise,
Envy perhaps would cease to rail,
Envy itself may innocently gaze
At beauty in a veil :
But if she once advance to light,

Her charms are lost in envy's sight,
And virtue stands the mark of universal spite.

THE DISDAIN.

TO JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.

HARTOPP, I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
 Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood and all thy heavenly line
Look through the stars, and smile divine
 Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, the amusements, and the strife,
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
 Or a vexatious dream.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
 Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beast,
 Or quit the manly name.
Pleasures of sense we leave for boys;

Be shining dust the miser's food ;
Let fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize the immortal good.

TO MITIO, MY FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state which was designed for the completest happiness on earth; but you will quickly discover, that the muse in the first poem only represents the shades and dark colors that melancholy throws upon love, and the social life. In the second, perhaps she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself, is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

THE MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE's a long tragedy: this globe the stage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,

Gay fields, and skies, and seas : the actors many :
The plot immense : a flight of demons sit
On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose ;
And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
The pointed plagues fly silent through the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate. Lo ! she glides
Single through all the storm, and more secure ;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. “ But, O my lov’d Marilla,
“ My sister, once my friend (Dianthe cries)
“ How much art thou expos’d ! Thy growing soul
“ Doubled in wedlock, multiplied in children,
“ Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
“ That rove promiscuous o’er the mortal stage :
“ Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest
pieces
“ Of your own flesh, those little other selves,
“ How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
“ And soften every fibre to improve
“ The mother’s sad capacity of pain !
“ I mourn Fidelio too ; though heaven has chose
“ A favourite mate for him, of all her sex
“ The pride and flower : how blest the lovely pair,
“ Beyond expression, if well-mingled loves
“ And woes well mingled could improve our bliss !

“ Amidst the rugged cares of life, behold
“ The father and the husband ; flattering names,
“ That spread his title, and enlarge his share
“ Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
“ To multiply his joys, but every hour
“ Renews the disappointment and the smart.
“ There’s not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
“ Of his fair partner, or her infant train,
“ (Sweet babes !) but pierces to his inmost soul
“ Strange is thy power, O love ! what numerous
 veins,
“ And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
“ Are link’d and fasten’d to a lover’s heart,
“ By strong but secret strings ! With vain attempt
“ We put the Stoic on ; in vain we try
“ To break the ties of nature and of blood ;
“ Those hidden threads maintain the dear com-
 munion
“ Inviolably firm ; their thrilling motions
“ Reciprocal give endless sympathy
“ In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
“ Thrice happy man, if pleasure only knew
“ These avenues of love to reach our souls,
“ And pain had never found them ! ”

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnis came,
And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipp’d in gold,
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls’d the bright temptation still,

Nor put the chains on ; dangerous to try,
And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
Sat on her eyelids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow ; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks, to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life, and make our iron cares
Easy : But thy own cares of softer kind
Give sharper wounds : they lodge too near the
heart,

Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion, Mitio, speak sincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultuous rise,
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved ! Vainly smiles
The cheerful sun, and night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain : the region of thy soul
Is darkness till thy better star appear.
Tell me, what toil, what torment to sustain
The rolling burden of the tedious hours ?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Restless in fond enquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe : Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
Till thy frame shudders at her fancied death ;

Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Thro' ev'ry vein. Speak, does the stranger muse
Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion,
Or has she fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys sincere? Thy hopes fulfill'd
Or frustrate? Here commit thy secret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they buried here
In friendship and oblivion; lest they spoil
Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful prospect, when untimely death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in sad succession, while his soul
Is torn away piecemeal: thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate
Survive, and in the sweetest saddest airs
Of love and grief, approach with trembling hand
To close his swimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges rend his heartstrings off
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous cares
Hang on his parting soul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
Of savage men? so parts the dying turtle
With sobbing accents, with such sad regret,
Leaves his kind feather'd mate: the widow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,

Forgets her life ; or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks, athirst for blood.

THE SECOND PART:

OR, THE BRIGHT VISION.

THUS far the muse, in unaccustom'd mood,
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear
Indulg'd a gloom of thought ; and thus she sang
Partial ; for melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in sable robe : the pensive muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray
In the fair world of love ; but while she gaz'd
Delightful on the state of twinborn souls
United, bless'd, the cruel shade applied
A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass
Deceitful ; blending love and life at once
In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
Of misery : now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in disdain.
Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
The scene shines bright with bliss ; behold the place
Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,

Nor malice forked-tongued. On this dear spot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station
To act thy part of life, serene and bless'd
With the fair consort fitted to thy heart.
Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in sweet partnership ! one hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair !)
For sin, and shame, and this waste wilderness
Of briers, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wishing muse new dresses the fair garden
Amid this desert world, with budding bliss
And evergreens, and balms, and flowery beauties
Without one dangerous tree : there heavenly dews
Nightly descending shall impearl the grass
And verdant herbage ; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the spires ; the spicy vapours
Rise with the dawn, and through the air diffus'd
Salute your waking senses with perfume :
While vital fruits, with their ambrosial juice,
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint ; and with your innocence
Immortalize the structure of your clay.
On this new paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day
(With flames unsullied as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial moon,
In milder rays serene, should nightly rise
Full orb'd (if heaven and nature will indulge

So fair an emblem) big with silver joys
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir,
Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening bough, shall join your
 worship,

Join your sweet vespers and the morning song.

O sacred symphony! Hark, thro' the grove
I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecstasy; unknown delight!
And the fair muse proclaims the heaven below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men; again returning
I see the ethereal host on downward wing.
Lo, at the eastern gate young cherubs stand,
Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd.
Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny the affairs
Of heaven: (So Milton sings, enlighten'd bard!
Nor miss'd his eyes, when, in sublimest strain,
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's sons, high favour'd.) Thou shalt learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue;
And with soft grace and interwoven loves
(Grateful digression) all his words rehearse
To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.
Thus with divine discourse, in shady bowers

Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
Eve, his sole auditress ; and deep dispute
With conjugal caresses on her lip
Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear associates seated low
On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strow'd ;
But high their conference : how self-suffic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
With glories ; arm'd with thunders ; and his throne
Mortal access forbids, projecting far
Splendours unsufferable and radiant death.
With reverence and abasement deep they fall
Before his sovereign Majesty, to pay
Due worship : then his mercy on their souls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but sovereign still ;
And leads their meditation and discourse
Long ages backward, and across the seas
To Bethlehem of Judah : there the Son,
The filial Godhead, character express
Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made descent to earth ;
Sprung from the sons of Adam, he became
A second Father, studious to regain
Lost paradise for men, and purchase heaven.

The lovers, with endearment mutual, thus
Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
Held her attention fixed : she musing sat

On the sweet mention of incarnate love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.
She sang "the infant God ; (mysterious theme !)
"How vile his birthplace, and his cradle vile !
"The ox and ass his mean companions ; there,
"In habit vile, the shepherds flock around,
"Saluting the great mother, and adore
"Israel's anointed King, the appointed heir
"Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
"Beneath his regal state ; for thee, my Mitio,
"Debas'd in servile form ; but angels stood
"Ministering round their charge with folded wings
"Obsequious, tho' unseen ; while lightsome hours
"Fulfill'd the day, and the gray evening rose.
"Then the fair guardians hovering o'er his head
"Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
"And with their fanning pinions purge the air
"From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,
"And impure taint ; while their ambrosial plumes
"A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
"Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers sung
"Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,
"And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then
"Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
"Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.
"Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn
"Smiles in the east with eyelids op'ning fair,
"But not so fair as thine ; O I could fold thee,
"My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,
"For ever in these arms ! For ever dwell

“ Upon thy lovely form with gazing joy,
“ And every pulse should beat seraphic love !
“ Around my seat should crowding cherubs come
“ With swift ambition, zealous to attend
“ Their prince, and form a heaven below the sky.

“ Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought
“ Of female fondness, and forgive the man
“ That interrupts such melting harmony ! ”
Thus Mitio ; and awakes her nobler powers
To pay just worship to the sacred King,
Jesus the God ; nor with devotion pure
Mix the caresses of her softer sex ;
(Vain blandishment !) “ Come, turn thine eyes aside
“ From Bethlehem, and climb up the doleful steep
“ Of bloody Calvary, where naked skulls
“ Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.
“ Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
“ Of her Redeemer, panting up the hill,
“ Hard burden’d ? Can thy heart attend his cross ?
“ Nail’d to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies,
“ For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and mine
“ (Horrible load !) the sinful Saviour groans,
“ And in fierce anguish of his soul expires.
“ Adoring angels pry, with bending head,
“ Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
“ This infinite design. Here peace is made
“ ’Twixt God the sovereign, and the rebel man :
“ Here Satan, overthrown with all his hosts,
“ In second ruin, rages and despairs ;
“ Malice itself despairs. The captive prey,

“ Long held in slavery, hopes a sweet release,
“ And Adam’s ruin’d offspring shall revive,
“ Thus ransom’d from the greedy jaws of death.”

The fair disciple heard ; her passions move
Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
Refin’d devotion : while new smiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o’er the covenant of eternal life
Brought down to men : seal’d by the sacred Three
In heaven ; and seal’d on earth with God’s own
blood.

Here they unite their names again, and sign
Those peaceful articles. (Hail, blessed coheirs
Celestial ! Ye shall grow to manly age,
And, spite of earth and hell, in season due
Possess the fair inheritance above.)

With joyous admiration they survey
The gospel treasures, infinite, unseen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv’d by thought : Riches divine
And honours which the almighty Father, God,
Pour’d with immense profusion on his Son,
High treasurer of heaven. The Son bestows
The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy
On bankrupt mortals, who believe and love
His name. “ Then, my Charissa, all is thine.”
“ And thine, my Mitio,” the fair saint replies.
“ Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
“ And place, and time, are our’s ; and things to
come,

“And past, and present ; for our interest stands
“Firm in our mystic Head, the title sure.
“’Tis for our health and sweet refreshment (while
“We sojourn strangers here) the fruitful earth
“Bears plenteous ; and revolving seasons still
“Dress her vast globe in various ornament.
“For us this cheerful sun and cheerful light
“Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky
“Hangs a rich canopy above our heads,
“Covering our slumbers all with starry gold
“Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
“For us time wears his wings out : Nature keeps
“Her wheels in motion : and her fabric stands.
“Glories beyond our ken of mortal sight
“Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
“Awaits us, where the saints unbodied live.
“Spirits, releas’d from clay, and purg’d from sin :
“Thither our hearts, with most incessant wish,
“Panting aspire ; when shall that dearest hour
“Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
“Bear us at once unsever’d to our better home ?”

O bless’d connubial state ! O happy pair,
Envied by yet unsociated souls,
Who seek their faithful twins ! Your pleasures rise
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm
As summer evenings. The vile sons of earth,
Grovvelling in dust, with all their noisy jars,
Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the moon

Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendship and love shall undistinguish'd reign
O'er all your passions, with unrivall'd sway,
Mutual and everlasting: Friendship knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each possesses, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live; there's not one
thought
Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fix'd,
But every passage open as the day
To one another's breast, and inmost mind.
Thus by communion your delight shall grow,
Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they
flow,
Thus angels mix their flames and more divinely
grow.

THE THIRD PART:

OR, THE ACCOUNT BALANCED.

SHOULD sovereign love before me stand,
With all his train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring muse relate
His comforts and his cares;
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors to express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.

Thy cares and comforts, sovereign love,
Vastly outweigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.

Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures ;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

Say, Damon, say, how bright the scene,
Damon is half-divinely bless'd,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breast,
Without a jealous thought, or busy care between :
Then the sweet passions mix and share :
Florella tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy soul's remotest part
Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.

Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
When friendship all-sincere, grows up to ecstasy,
Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the joy,
While thy dear offspring round thee sit,
Or, sporting innocently at thy feet,
Thy kindest thoughts engage :
Those little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age !

But short is earthly bliss ! The changing wind
Blows from the sickly south, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,

Relentless death sits close behind :
Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans salute his ears,
Through every vein the thrilling torments roll ;
While sweet and bitter are at strife
In those dear miseries of life,
Those tenderest pieces of his bleeding soul.
The pleasing sense of love awhile
Mix'd with the heartache may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight :
Till sorrows, like a gloomy deluge, rise,
Then every smiling passion dies,
And hope alone, with wakeful eyes, [light.
Darkling and solitary waits, the slow-returning

Here then let my ambition rest,
May I be moderately bless'd
When I the laws of love obey ;
Let but my pleasure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and sink again,
And share just measures of alternate sway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains ;
Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
On this dull stage of clay :
The tribes beneath the northern Bear
Submit to darkness half the year,
Since half the year is day.

AN EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL TO CIRINIUS.

"Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo
"Ut mecum possis," &c.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOSIAH HORTE, LORD BISHOP
OF KILMORE,¹ IN IRELAND.

So smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so
sweet,

So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
Yet modest you decline the public stage.
To fix your friend alone amidst the applauding age.
So Maro did; the mighty Maro sings
In vast heroic notes, of vast heroic things,
And leaves the ode, to dance upon his Flaccus'
strings.

He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Though his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could silence all the lyric choir.
So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,

¹ Afterwards Archbishop of Tuam.

When he could thunder with a loftier vein
And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.

A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
And compliments, will every friend bestow ;
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine, we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tenderest point of honour, wit.

AN EPIGRAM,

ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCES-
TER, JUST AFTER MR. DRYDEN.

DRYDEN is dead ; Dryden alone could sing
'The full-grown glories of a future king
Now Glo'ster dies ! 'Thus lesser heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give ;
And scarce revive the muse : But William stands,
Nor asks his honours from the poet's hands.
William shall shine without a Dryden's praise,
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

TO MRS. SINGER,

AFTERWARDS MRS. ROWE.

ON THE SIGHT OF SOME OF HER DIVINE
POEMS, NEVER PRINTED.

ON the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp ; nor did celestial themes
 Refuse to dance upon my strings :
 There beneath the evening sky
I sung my cares asleep, and raised my wishes high
 To everlasting things.
Sudden from Albion's western coast
Harmonious notes come gliding by,
The neighb'ring shepherds knew the silver sound ;
" 'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighbouring shep-
 herds cry ;
At once my strings all silent lie,
At once my fainting muse was lost,
In the superior sweetness drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite ;
My soul retir'd and left my tongue,
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight.

Now be my harp for ever dumb,
My muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but the immortal strings:
Now those immortal strings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of heaven and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers, with awe profound,
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

STANZAS

TO LADY SUNDERLAND, AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

FAIR nymph, ascend to beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone :
Let favourites take thy lower sphere,
Not monarchs are thy rivals here.

The court of beauty, built sublime,
Defies all powers but thine and time :
Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,
Aims but in vain her flight so high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Ister's flood,
Nor standards dy'd in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's house, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms ;
His lightning strikes with less surprise
Than sudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron ; she enslaves the mind :
We follow with a pleasing pain,
And bless the conqueror and the chain.

The muse that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her presence in despair,
And owns the inimitable fair.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AN EPITAPH

ON KING WILLIAM III. OF GLORIOUS MEMORY
WHO DIED, MARCH THE EIGHTH, 1701.

BENEATH these honours of a tomb,
Greatness in humble ruin lies ;
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies !)

Preserve, O venerable pile,
Inviolatè thy sacred trust ;
To thy cold arms the British isle,
Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of fate
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head ;
Round him his faithful arms shall stand :
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of paint and verse,
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
And Belgia sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave religion set
In solemn gold ; pronounce the ground
Sacred to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian virtues round.

Fair liberty, in sables drest,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn :
" William, the scourge of tyrants past,
" And awe of princes yet unborn."

Sweet peace, his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And stretch her wings across the deep
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary truth inspires the song ;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And slander gnaw her forked tongue.

Night and the grave, remove your gloom ;
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead ;
But glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrors of a shade.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

ON THE

SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

AN ELEGIAC SONG,

SENT IN A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE, TO MR. N. P. MERCHANT, AT AMSTERDAM.

HARK ! she bids all her friends adieu ;
Some angel calls her to the spheres ;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears.

Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above,
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

There glory sits on every face,
There friendship smiles in every eye,
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

O'er all the names of Christ our king
Shall our harmonious voices rove,
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of his bleeding love.

Come, sovereign Lord, dear Saviour come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home ;
That golden hour, how long it stays !

How long must we lie lingering here,
While saints around us take their flight ?
Smiling, they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy the Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out, and climb the shining road.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred tomb !
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

TO THE REV. MR. JOHN SHOWER.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. ANNE
WARNER.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

How great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of

so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there: Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to, Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant, I. W.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT

ON MRS. ANNE WARNER,

WHO DIED OF THE SMALLPOX, DECEMBER 18, 1707, AT ONE
O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING; A FEW DAYS AFTER THE
BIRTH AND DEATH OF HER FIRST CHILD. -

AWAKE, my muse, range the wide world of souls,
And seek Venera fled: With upward aim
Direct thy wing; for she was born from heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels that patrol
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent

Near the meridian star: pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal day
And paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing 'scapes thy search, nor canst thou
miss

So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
Of amaranth, or cheerful evergreen,
She sits, recounting to her kindred-minds,
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
And travels through this howling wilderness:
By what divine protections she escaped
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue;
(Snares set to murder souls) but heaven secur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That saw the light, and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to the eternal Sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! There
Thou art for ever her's, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight, rejoice,
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding, salutes them all with honours due,
Such as are paid in heaven: And last she finds

A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
But vacant : " This " (with sure presage, she cries)
" Awaits my father ; when will he arrive ?
" How long, alas, how long ! " (Then calls her mate)
" Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
" Die, and partake my bliss ; we are for ever one."

Ah me ! where roves my fancy ! What kind
dreams

Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind !
Perhaps illusions, all ! Inform me, muse,
Chooses she rather to retire apart
To recollect her dissipated powers,
And call her thoughts her own : so lately freed
From earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought
her death.

Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul,
O when shall thy release from cumb'rous flesh
Pass the great seal of heaven ? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world ? Divine delight !
Venera's lov'd employ !) Perhaps she sings,
To some new golden harp, the almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown :
O could I imitate the exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them !—

Or lies she now before the eternal throne
 Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
 Overwhelm'd, and self-abasement, at the sight
 Of the uncover'd Godhead, face to face?
 Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
 And hers amongst them not of dimmer ore,
 Nor set with meaner gems: But vain ambition,
 And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
 And pride, for ever banish'd, flies the place,
 Curs'd pride, the dress of hell. Tell me Urania,
 How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
 Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
 Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd
 To call my passions and my eyes aside
 From the dear breathless clay. Distressing sight
 I look, and mourn, and gaze with greedy view
 Of melancholy fondness: Tears bedewing
 That form so late desir'd, so late belov'd,
 Now loathsome and unlovely. Base disease,
 • That leagu'd with nature's sharpest pains and
 spoil'd
 So sweet a structure! The impoisoning taint
 O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
 And ruins the rich temple to the dust.
 Was this the countenance, where the world ad-
 mir'd
 Features of wit and virtue? This the face
 Where love triumph'd? and beauty on these
 cheeks,
 As on a throne beneath her radiant eyes

Was seated to advantage ; mild, serene,
Reflecting rosy light? So sits the sun
(Fair eye of heaven!) upon a crimson cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing,
Involve the golden star, and sink him down
Oppress'd with darkness.

ON THE DEATH

OF AN AGED AND HONOURED RELATIVE.

I KNOW the kindred mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she ;
Among the heavenly forms I see
The kindred-mind from fleshy bondage free ;
O how unlike the thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghastly air, and languish'd head ;
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering between.

Long did the earthy house restrain
In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest ;
Prison'd her round in walls of pain,

And twisted cramps and aches with her chain;
Till, by the weight of numerous days opprest,
 The earthy house began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive soul became her own again :
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
 A tedious train of fourscore years,
 The prisoner smil'd to be releas'd,
She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view
 Paint her idea all anew ;
Rase out those melancholy shapes of woe
That hang around thy memory, and becloud it so.
Come, fancy, come, with essences refin'd,
 With youthful green, and spotless white ;
Deep be the tincture, and the colors bright
To express the beauties of a naked mind.
 Provide no glooms to form a shade ;
All things above of varied light are made,
Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid.
 But if the features, too divine,
 Beyond the power of fancy shine,
Conceal the inimitable strokes behind a graceful
 shrine.
Describe the saint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet :
 But let her posture be
 Filling a chair of high degree ;
Observe how near it stands to the almighty seat.

Paint the new graces of her eyes ;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,
And joys unknown below the skies.
Virtue that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breast confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind.
Express her passion still the same,
But more divinely sweet ;
Love has an everlasting flame,
And makes the work complete.
The painter muse, with glancing eye,
Observ'd a manly spirit nigh,¹
That death had long disjoin'd :
“ In the fair tablet they shall stand
“ United by a happier band : ”
She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly
mind.
Recount the years, my song (a mournful round !)
Since he was seen on earth no more :
He fought in lower seas and drown'd ;
But victory and peace he found
On the superior shore.
There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs

¹ My grandfather, Mr. Thomas Watts, had such acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, music, poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war, 1656, and by blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.

Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.
Let the awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well-known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit,
And every art and science meet,
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them
at his feet.
'Tis done! What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done. The muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love,
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A FUNERAL POEM

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

PRESENTED TO THE RIGHT HON. LADY ABNEY, LADY-
MAYORESS OF LONDON.

MADAM,

Had I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory,

and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward muse: but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find, throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses lead me to.

The poem roves as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other. It rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows; drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation; there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects, divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descends to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse; my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit. I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again, to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections. And I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, Madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least, as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss. But I wrote merely for myself as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by

breathing out my own complaints. I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is. Had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more Christian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death so surprising that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered, by, Madam,

Your Ladyship's most hearty and obedient servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE

DEAR MEMORY OF MY HONOURED FRIEND,

THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

WHO DIED NOVEMBER 11, 1700, WHEN HE HAD JUST
FINISHED HIS SEAT AT NEWINGTON.

OF blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing, heavenly muse. Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,

Gunston, the friend, is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'Tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! Our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the
 skies

Drag but a longer ruin thro' the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling and tasting every lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while numerous years
Circling, delightful play'd around the spheres:
Revolving suns should still renew his strength,
And draw the uncommon thread to an unusual
 length;

But hasty fate thrusts her dread shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
To allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the
 night.

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey
 bend
To the fair fabric that thy dying friend

Built nameless: 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep foundation strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting! there a numerous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:
Not time itself should waste the blest estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! The founder dies
Childless; his sisters weep and close his eyes,
And wait upon his hearse with never-ceasing cries.
Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrows nod on every plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay, [way.
His country's sacred tears well-watering all the
See the dull wheels roll on the sable road;
But no dear son to tread the mournful load,
And fondly kind drop his young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind, to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say
"This was my father's," with impatient joy,
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend: but awful fate
Design'd the mighty stroke, as lasting as 'twas
great.

And must this building then, this costly frame,
Stand here for strangers? Must some unknown
name

Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees,
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece.
But night, eternal night, hangs black around,
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: earthly fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face,
Rising perpetual! Muse, forsake the place,
Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say,
"How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
"Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"

The unhappy house looks desolate and mourns,
And every door groans doleful as it turns;
The pillars languish; and each lofty wall,
Stately in grief, laments the master's fall,
In drops of briny dew; the fabric bears
His faint resemblance, and renews my tears.
Solid and square it rises from below:
A noble air, without a gaudy show,

Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,
That dear memorial of the best lov'd name !
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave,
Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the sunbeams off ;
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
At the gray twilight, and the early dawn.
There, sweetly sad, should my soft minutes roll,
Numbering the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts ! substantial grief
Grows by those objects that should yield relief ;
Fond of my woes, I heave my eyes around,
My grief from every prospect courts a wound ;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise ;
My wandering feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there to soothe my sorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear :
Still I behold some melancholy scene, [between.
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh
Two days ago, we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania there ;

Say, my Urania, how the western sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone,
Gilding the roof, then dropt into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of
day;

Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the
dead.

The rising sun, adorn'd with all his light,
Smiles on these walls again : but endless night
Reigns uncontroll'd where the dear Gunston lies ;
He's set for ever, and must never rise.

Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
To greet a mourning house ? In vain the day
Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors
Bounding the evening and the morning hours ;
In vain it bounds them ; while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reigns through all the place,
Nor heeds the cheerful change of nature's face
Yet nature's wheels will on without control,
The sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two nightly Bears walk round and watch
the pole.

See while I speak, high on her sable wheel
Old night advancing climbs the eastern hill :
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way ; behold,
How their brown pinions, edg'd with evening gold,

Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide
away,

Slowly pursuing the declining day ;
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they
will ;

But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmovable, and never flies :
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone ;
Ah, fruitless wish ! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that despairs the dawn !

Muse, view the turret: just beneath the skies
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat,
Sacred to friendship ! O divine retreat !
Here did I hope my happy hours to employ,
And fed beforehand on the promis'd joy,
When, weary of the noisy town, my friend,
From mortal cares retiring, should ascend,
And lead me thither. We alone would sit
Free and secure of all intruding feet :
Our thoughts should stretch their longest wings
and rise,

Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies :
Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
And speak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats
Built high in heaven for souls: We'd trace the
streets

Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains
yield ;

Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that blest abode :
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There, hand in hand, approach the almighty seat.
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus should we mount on bold adventurous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
And minutes measur'd, as they are above,
By ever-circling joys, and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river, and his winding train,
The smoky city, and the busy men.
How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted honour, dreams of empty sound
Till envy rise, and shoot a secret wound
At swelling glory, straight the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes ;
Then the tall titles, insolent and proud,
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing : Still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child :

His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound,
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.
Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To favourite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
The wealth that heaven bestow'd with liberal
hand:

Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this seat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we shall never meet,
And smile, and love, and bless each other here;
The envious tomb forbids thy face to appear,
Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie buried, where my Gunston
lies.

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that know
The heights of fondness and the depths of woe,

Young mothers, who your darling babes have
found
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound ;
Ye frightened nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Clasp'd in your arms your lovers, cold and dead,
Come ; in the pomp of all your wild despair,
With flowing eyelids, and disorder'd hair,
Death in your looks ; come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little streams in my unbounded
sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
Beyond all nature's ties ; you that have known
Two happy souls made intimately one,
And felt a parting stroke : 'Tis you must tell
The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel :
This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh infinite distress ! such raging grief
Should command pity, and despair relief.
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my
groans,
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound :
Be all ye flowery vales with thorns o'ergrown,
Assist my sorrows, and declare your own ;

Alas ! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again :
Mourn, ye gay smiling meadows, and be seen
In wintry robes, instead of youthful green ;
And bid the brook, that still runs warbling by,
Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing herd should come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb ;
The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul
with mine.

Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn ;¹
Strip off your pride to dress your master's urn :
Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears :
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the blustering rage
Of the mad winds ; thus it becomes your age
To show your sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green ;
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
Here friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway.
Hither our souls their constant offerings brought,
The burdens of the breast, and labours of the
thought ;

Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,

¹ There was a long row of tall elms then standing, where, some years after, the lower garden was made.

And mingled every care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleasures were our own :
Then with an equal hand and honest soul
We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,
And all the passions there thro' both our bosoms
roll.

By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

Friendship ! mysterious thing, what magic powers
Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours ?
Bound to thy foot, we boast our birthright still,
And dream of freedom, when we've lost our will,
And chang'd away our souls : at thy command,
We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand,
To call them ours ; and, thoughtless of our ease,
Plague the dear self that we were born to please.
Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own ;
As though our mother nature could no more
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens out
the store.

Yet are we fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when death dissolves
the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought ! the raving muse,
Wild and despairing, knows not what she does,

Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
She is thy votaress too ; and at thy shrine,
O sacred friendship, offer'd songs divine,
While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were thine.
Here to these shades, at solemn hours, we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,
Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind !
And sweet the aids of sense : Each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting thro' the trees :
The linnet and the lark their vespers sung,
And clouds of crimson o'er the horizon hung ;
The slow declining sun, with sloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn, ye young gardens, ye unfinish'd gates,
Ye green inclosures and ye growing sweets,
Lament ; for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent moon,
In conference divine, while heavenly fire
Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts inspire
With joys almost immortal ; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach the ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's souls
In rapture, and embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my song ! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat ; such joys as these
Fled from the earth for ever !

Oh, for a general grief! let all things share
Our woes that know our loves: The neighbouring
air,

Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
And tell the gales, that every breath that flies
Over these fields should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.
Weep all ye buildings, and the groves around
For ever weep: this is an endless wound,
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping soul! that heavenly breath,
That could speak life, lies now congeal'd in death,
While on his folded lips, all cold and pale,
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
Once more at least, one gentle word, and then
Gunston aloud I call. In vain I cry
Gunston aloud; for he must ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,
Death and the grave have neither eyes nor ears;
Wandering I tune my sorrows to the groves,
And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds
our loves;
While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them
not:
He hath forgot me: In the lonesome vault,

Mindless of Watts and friendship, cold he lies
Deaf and unthinking clay . . .

But whither am I led? This artless grief
Hurries the muse on, obstinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground:
The pleasing hours, the happy moments past
In these sweet fields reviving on my taste
Snatch me away, resistless, with impetuous haste.
Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,
And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
O'er the wide roofs its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse; but only hears
The noisy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows; rattling showers
Lash the fair sides; above, loud thunder roars;
But still the master sleeps; nor hears the voice
Of sacred friendship, nor the tempest's noise:
An iron slumber sits on every sense,
In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse it
thence.

One labour more, my muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand: See through the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising moon;
And as she labours up to reach her noon,
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of
night:

But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold, it flames
Like some new meteor with diffusive beams
Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes the stars ;
“ So shines thy Gunston’s soul above the spheres,”
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
“ We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
“ We heard thy grief shriek out, he dies ! he dies !
“ Mistaken grief ! to call the flesh the friend !
“ On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,
“ All heaven embrac’d him with immortal love
“ And sung his welcome to the courts above.
“ Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
“ The buildings struck him with immense surprise ;
“ The spires all radiant, and the mansions bright,
“ The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light :
“ Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sat,
“ In heavenly diamonds ; and for every gate,
“ On golden hinges, a broad ruby turns,
“ Guards of the foe, and as it moves it burns ;
“ Millions of glories reign through every part :
“ Infinite power, and uncreated art,
“ Stand here display’d, and to the strangers show
“ How it outshines the noblest seats below.
“ The stranger fed his gazing powers awhile
“ Transported : Then with a regardless smile,
“ Glanc’d his eyes downward thro’ the crystal floor,
“ And took eternal leave of what he built be-
fore.”

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain :
 Raphael commands : Assume thy joys again.
 In everlasting numbers sing, and say,
 “Gunston has mov’d his dwelling to the realms
 of day ;
 “Gunston the friend lives still ; and give thy groans
 away.”

TO MR. ARTHUR SHALLET, MERCHANT.

WORTHY SIR,

The subject of the following elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the assistance of the muse to make it perpetual ; but when she can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this address acknowledge the favours she has received from the living, it is a double pleasure to,

Sir, your obliged humble servant, I. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. MR. THOMAS GOUGE,

WHO DIED JAN. 8, 1699-1700.

YE virgin souls, whose sweet complaint
 Could teach Euphrates¹ not to flow,
 Could Sion’s ruin so divinely paint,

¹ Psal. cxxxvii. Lament. i. 2, 3.

Array'd in beauty and in woe :
Awake, ye virgin souls, to mourn, [urn.
And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's

O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate such charming grief,
I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies,
Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies,
Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf ;
Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and
tears.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath ;
He came commission'd for the fates
Of awful Mead, and charming Bates ;
There he essay'd the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge
to dust.

Great Gouge to dust ! how doleful is the sound !
How vast the stroke is ! and how wide the wound !

Oh painful stroke ! distressing death !
A wound unmeasurably wide :

No vulgar mortal died

When he resign'd his breath.

The muse that mourns a nation's fall,
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,

Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
And in deep sounding numbers tell,
How Sion trembled, when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature herself, with all her store,
Can furnish such a pomp for death no more.

The reverend man let all things moan ;
Sure he was some ethereal mind,
Fated in flesh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His soul was of the angelic frame,
The same ingredients, and the mould the same,
When the Creator makes a minister of flame,
He was all form'd of heavenly things,
Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his flamy wings.

How would he mount, how would he fly
Up through the ocean of the sky,
Tow'rd the celestial coast !
With what amazing swiftness soar
Till earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost !
Scarce could the muse pursue him with her sight :
But angels, you can tell,
For oft you meet his wondrous flight,
And knew the stranger well ;
Say, how he past the radiant spheres,

And visited your happy seats,
And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden
streets,
And walk'd among the stars.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong-wing'd faith, and on the fiery
wheels
Of an immortal love.

'Twas there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears
To learn the unutterable name,
To view the eternal base that bears
The new creation's frame.

The countenance of God he saw,
Full of mercy ; full of awe,
The glories of his power, and glories of his grace :
There he beheld the wondrous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel, and the fiery law
In that majestic face.
That face did all his gazing powers employ,
With most profound abasement and exalted joy,
The rolls of fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by ;

The volumes open'd to his eye,
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

Ye seraphs, that surround the throne,
Tell how his name was through the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own :
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,

And bold blasphemers shrink and fear : ¹
Impudent tongues ! to blast a prophet's name !

The poison sure was fetch'd from hell,
Where the old blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest
fame !

Impudent tongues ! You should be darted through,
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Useless and dead till slander die,
Till slander die with you.

“ We saw him,” said the ethereal throng,
“ We saw his warm devotions rise,
“ We heard the fervour of his cries,
“ And mix'd his praises with our song :
“ We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours,
“ Nightly he wak'd his inward powers,
“ Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,
“ And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial
“ towers,

¹ Though he was so great and good a man, he did not escape censure.

“To reach the blessing down for those that sought
“his blood.

“Oft we beheld the thunderer’s hand
“Rais’d high to crush the factious foe ;
“As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand
“Doubtful to obey the dread command,
“While his ascending prayer upheld the falling
“blow.”

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,
My muse, and bring the wondrous man to sight.
Place him surrounded as he stood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A stream of harmony ran soft along,
And every ear drank in the flowing good :
Softly it ran its silver way,
Till warm devotion rais’d the current strong ;
Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
Life, love, and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll’d, promiscuous, on the torrent-flood,
And bore our raptur’d sense away, and thoughts
and souls to God.

O might we dwell for ever there !
No more return to breathe this grosser air,
This atmosphere of sin, calamity, and care.

But heavenly scenes soon leave the sight
While we belong to clay,
Passions of terror and delight,
Demand alternate sway.

Behold the man, whose awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moses saw,
And swell the trumpet's warlike noise.

He stands the herald of the threat'ning skies,
Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely rise,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning
in his eyes.

Round the high roof the curses flew,
Distinguishing each guilty head,
Far from the unequal war the atheist fled,
His kindled arrows still pursue,
His arrows strike the atheist through,
And o'er his inmost powers a shuddering horror
spread.

The marble heart groans with an inward wound;
Blaspheming souls of harden'd steel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the sound.
The lofty wretch, arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride, sinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with the dead.

Now muse, assume a softer strain,
Now soothe the sinner's raging smart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the surging conscience, and assuage the
pain;
He from a bleeding God derives

Life for the souls that guilt had slain,
And straight the dying rebel lives,
The dead arise again ;
The opening skies almost obey
His powerful song ; a heavenly ray
Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheerful day,
His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,
Recalls the scenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known ;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Through all his labours and his loves,
The anguish of his cross, and triumphs of his
throne.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The steep ascent of Calvary,
And sets the fatal tree before our eye :
See here celestial sorrow reigns :
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words, he sung the vital flood
Where all our sins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the spear, and balmy as the blood.
In his discourse divine
Afresh the purple fountain flow'd ;
Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,
And trickled to the ground,
While every accent gave a doleful sound, [God.
Sad as the breaking heartstrings of the expiring

Down to the mansions of the dead,
With trembling joy, our souls are led,
The captives of his tongue ;
There the dear prince of light reclines his head
Darkness and shades among.
With pleasing horror we survey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy death, and rends the tombs :
The rising God ! he comes, he comes, [train.
With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing

See the bright squadrons of the sky,
Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly,
Meet their returning sovereign, and attend him
high.

A shining car the conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud ;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws the eternal brass that binds him to
the wheels.

The opening gates of bliss receive their king,
The Father-God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.
Behold him on his native throne,

Glory sits fast upon his head ;
Dress'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the seasons and the shining
 globes,
And sways the living worlds, and regions of the
 dead.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below,
Vast was his trust, and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could show,
And thousands own'd the seal,
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command :
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrors of Jehovah's hand.
How did our souls start out, to hear
The embassies of love he bare,
While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue !
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,
Attention stood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

But O my everlasting grief !
Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of sorrow rise,
Nor hope the impossible relief.
Ye remnants of the sacred tribe,
Who feel the loss, come share the smart,

And mix your groans with mine :
Where is the tongue that can describe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language so divine?

Our passions want the heavenly flame,
Almighty love breathes faintly in our songs,
And awful threat'nings languish on our tongues :

Howe is a great but single name :
Amidst the crowd he stands alone :
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone.

Eternal God, command his stay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay ;
O we could wish his age were one immortal day !
But when the flaming chariot's come,
And shining guards, to attend thy prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the
skies.

DIVINE SONGS
FOR CHILDREN.

PREFACE.

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore, whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish for virtue and religion, ought, in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the song of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30, and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing "with grace in the heart," but to "teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs," Ephes. v. 19. And there are these four advantages in it.

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these songs every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learned ten or twenty songs out of it.

II. What is learned in verse is longer retained in memory, and sooner recollected. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables, exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen that the end of a song running in the mind, may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of scripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind, out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

IV. These Divine Songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family, at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and therefore I

have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechizing a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success. So that you will find here nothing that savours of a party. The children of high and low degree, of the church of England or Dissenters, baptized in infancy, or not, may all join together in these songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above contempt; so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is, these composures may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added at the end, some attempts of sonnets on moral subjects, for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Christian world, and a blessing to the earth.

DIVINE SONGS.

I.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?

How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord,
Can search his secret will ;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring ;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

II.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant, or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath !
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

III.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore,
And save our ruin'd race.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood ;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd ;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave ;
Behold him rais'd on high ;
He pleads his merit, there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There, on a glorious throne, he reigns,
And by his power divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the bless'd assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace !

IV.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND
TEMPORAL.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see !
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more ;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold !
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head ;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal ;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

V.

PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN
A CHRISTIAN LAND.

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns!
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;
While all the preachers of thy Word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven ;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

VI.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets, once have given,
Could they have heard these glorious things,
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heaven !

How glad the heathens would have been,
That worship idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known !

Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

VII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given ;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy Word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law ;
Show what my faults have been ;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell :
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

VIII.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO READ.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy Word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well ;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell ?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern ;
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his spirit down
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

O may that spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his Word,
And have not learnt in vain.

IX.

THE ALL SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY God ! thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and published there?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie ;
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

X.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND
DEATH.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens, and earth and seas :
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

THERE is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we must do :
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

THERE is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw :
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face ;
For I have often broke thy law.

THERE is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come :
A thousand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled ;
There 's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

XI.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love ;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end ?
And may I hope whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend ?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath :
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal death.

XII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY's the child whose youngest years
Receive instructions well :
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes :
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

XIII.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
"To seek for heaven or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place?

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace:
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

XIV.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

WHAT bless'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
 (The Jews all wondering stood)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
 And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
 And blest their Saviour's name ;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
 To wait upon the Lord ;
Young Timothy byetimes was taught
 To know his holy Word.

Then why should I so long delay
 What others learnt so soon ?
I would not pass another day
 Without this work begun.

XV.

AGAINST LYING.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true,
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife, Sapphira, die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie,
That, just before, her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

XVI.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

XVII.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND
SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree :
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs or naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

good

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove ;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

XVIII.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING
NAMES.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men ;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school ;
And he's in danger of hell-fire,
That calls his brother, fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff,
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children, in their wanton play,
Serv'd old Elisha so ;
And bid the prophet go his way,
“ Go up, thou baldhead, go : ”

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners ne'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

XIX.

AGAINST SWEARING AND CURSING, AND
TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above:
'Tis that Great God whose power I fear;
That heavenly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship, when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

XX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

XXI.

AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

WHY should I join with those in play,
In whom I've no delight ;
Who curse and swear, but never pray ;
Who call ill names and fight ?

I hate to hear a wanton song ;
Their words offend my ears ;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as their's.

Away from fools I'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go ;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that us'd to mock,
Then learn the wicked jest ;
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
With sinful children here ;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

XXII.

AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride ?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.

When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone ;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are ! how fond to shew !
Our clothes, and call them rich and new !
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight,
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

XXIII.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say ;
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

Have not you heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word ?

What heavy guilt upon him lies !
How cursed is his name !
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

XXIV.


THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

WHY should I love my sport so well?
So constant at my play?
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults!

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray,
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.



XXV.

A MORNING SONG.

My God who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest ;
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day :
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

XXVI.

AN EVENING SONG.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my maker's praise ;
My comforts every hour make known,
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins, how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep ;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

XXVII.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed ?

This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the Word :
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven :
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven !

XXVIII.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heaven below :
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OUT OF THE
OLD TESTAMENT,

PUT INTO SHORT RHYME FOR CHILDREN

EXODUS, CHAP. XX.

1. THOU shalt have no more Gods but Me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

THE SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS, OUT
OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW, XXII. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbor love.

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

MATTHEW, VII. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
Whate'er you would not take again,

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind :
And love your neighbour as yourself,
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you ;
What you're unwilling to receive, '
Be sure you never do.

THE HOSANNA:

OR, SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.¹

LONG METRE.

HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne:
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down on earth.

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

COMMON METRE.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;
Sion, behold thy king!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

¹ Out of my Book of Hymns I have added the Hosanna, and "Glory to the Father," &c., to be sung at the end of any of these Songs, according to the direction of Parents or Governors.

Hosanna to the eternal Word,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

SHORT METRE.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

To Christ the anointed King,
Be endless blessings given ;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.

GLORY TO THE FATHER AND THE
SON, &c.

LONG METRE.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One ;
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

COMMON METRE.

Now let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN OF
M O R A L S O N G S,

SUCH AS I WISH SOME HAPPY AND CONDESCENDING GENIUS WOULD UNDERTAKE FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN, AND PERFORM MUCH BETTER.

THE sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences in the civil life, both in city and country, (which would also afford matter for other divine songs.) Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from the temptation of loving or learning those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory; and become the seeds of future vices.

MORAL SONGS.

I.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him complain,

“ You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.”

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

“ A little more sleep, and a little more slumber ; ”
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours without number ;

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher ;

The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags ;
And his money still wastes, till he starves, or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind :
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drink-
ing ;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
thinking.

Said I then to my heart, " Here 's a lesson for me,"
That man 's but a picture of what I might be ;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my
breeding ;
Who taught me betimes to love working and read-
ing.

II.

INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows, to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white ;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or
rage,
How much we may learn from the sight !

If we had been ducks we might dabble in mud ;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood ;
So foul and so fierce are their natures :

But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as
lamb,

Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play ;

For he's still in earnest that's hurt ;

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and
mire !

There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, " 'Tis all but in sport."

III.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower !

The glory of April and May !

But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,

Above all the flowers of the field ;

When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
lost,

Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose :
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade :
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty ;
This will scent, like a rose, when I'm dead.

IV

THE THIEF.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will ?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain :
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute ?
To what dismal state they brought us
When they stole forbidden fruit ?

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner,
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy :
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine :
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

V.

THE ANT, OR EMMET.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies,
Without our regard or concern ;
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores :

They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frost and
the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take no due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time,
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are
in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness
shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of
clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

VI.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place,
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing?
Since I best revenge my wrongs,
By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;
First I'll try to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me,
While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion:

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

VII.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the
sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droopings of rain !
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian : His course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his
sins,
And melts into tears : then he breaks out and
shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.

A CRADLE HYMN.

Some copies of the following Hymn having got abroad already into several hands, the author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in public at the end of these Songs for Children.

HUSH ! my dear, lie still, and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed !
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide ;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee ?

Soft and easy is thy cradle :
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay :
When his birthplace was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe ! what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright !
Must he dwell with brutal creatures !
How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly Stranger ?
Did they thus affront their Lord ?

Soft, my child ; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard ;
'Tis thy { Mother ¹ } sits beside thee,
Nurse that }
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing ;
Lovely Infant, how he smil'd !

¹ Here you may use the words, brother, sister, neighbour, friend, &c.

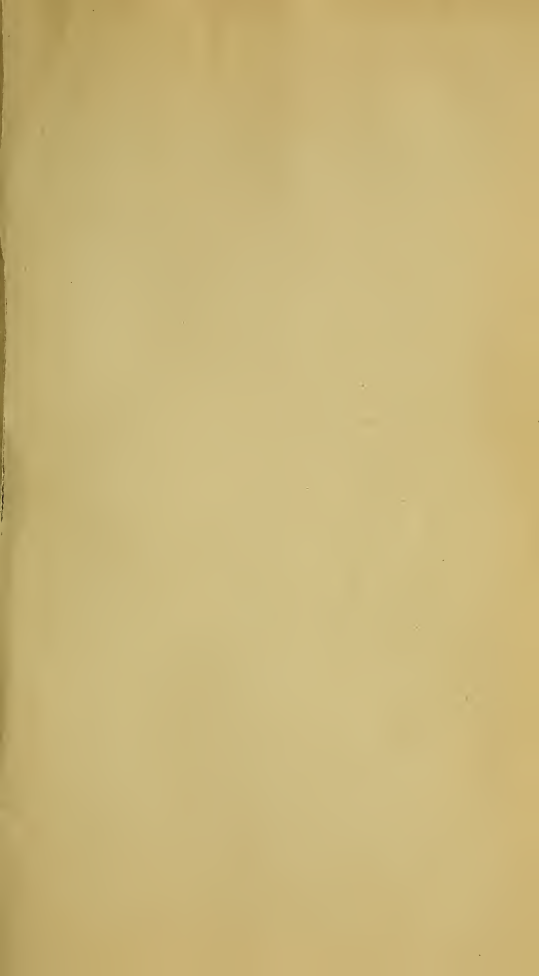
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen feed ;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days ;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face and sing his praise !

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire ;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.







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